NEXT WEEK READ ALVAH MILTON KERR'S THRILLING RAILROAD STORY, "THE SEA OF FIRE," AND HOW AN IMPERILED TRAIN ESCAPED DESTRUCTION

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 4. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1910. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

HOOKER'S MISTAKE

By STANLEY W. SHACKELL

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HOOKER stepped from the shelter of the freighthouse doorway and started boldly across the network of tracks. He had no fear of being seen, for midnight had passed and the great railroad yards were deserted. The only sign of life visible to him was the station, two blocks north, where the flyer which he had vowed would carry him southward stood beneath the trainshed, awaiting the moment of departure. The gigantic headlight on the pulsing engine cast but a thin thread of light through the frost-particled atmosphere, and the colored switchlights in the yards shone but dimly.

It was the bitterest night of a winter long memorable for its severity. Chicago shivered in the relentless grasp of a cold wave. For thirty hours the mercury had steadily descended, and the velocity of the wind had increased as the cold became more intense. No snow fell, but a light blanket which had lain over the city for a day or two was picked up by the whirling gale and driven through the streets and into the faces of pedestrians with merciless fury.

Hooker reached his destination quickly. It was an empty box-car in the center of a long freight train which stood on the second track east of the one on which the flyer would pull out. With practiced agility he climbed through the side door and stood erect. Then he struck a match. For a moment the feeble flame wavered and sputtered in the icy draft. Then, shielded by its creator's grimy hand, it glowed bravely and dispelled the darkness from the center of the car. Hooker peered sharply about when the circle of illumination was greatest and satisfied himself that the car was empty. In a moment the light became but a spark and darkness came again, but he did not repeat the action. Instead, he began to execute motions not unlike those of a mechanical toy, dancing with more energy than grace and flinging his arms violently in irregular circles. Slowly the glow of warmth returned to his chilled body, accompanied by a sense of satisfaction which found expression in a complacent smile. When he ceased his exertions he drew from his pocket a bunch of crumpled papers and a muslin bag half-filled with tobacco, and with deft movements of his trained fingers, fashioned a cigarette. In a moment the glare of another match illuminated the scene and a cloud of smoke, first inhaled with keen enjoyment, mingled with the frost. Then, as he was about to indulge in further gyrations for the purpose of quickening the circulation of his blood, he heard a sound he could not mistake. He was not alone in the car.

Hooker was no coward. If he had been he would long before have adopted an honest life, for fear had no place in his calling. Yet, on this night of all nights, it behooved him to be cautious. He had enjoyed scarcely ten days of freedom, and his pockets at that moment contained the proceeds of a transgression against the law similar to the one which had caused his incarceration two years before. For a moment the temptation to leap from the car and resort to flight assailed him, but he combatted it and remained.

"Who's there?" he demanded sharply, squinting his eyes in the direction from which the sound proceeded. "No sneaking. I hear you. Come out!"

"Certainly," was the answer he immediately received, spoken in a commonplace, matter of fact tone.

He quickly struck another match, holding it above his head, walked boldly forward. The car door creaked beneath his feet and there was an answering creak from the region into which he advanced. The other man had taken a step, too, and it brought him within range of Hooker's vision. He caught sight of a full dress suit and a clear-cut, clean-shaven face, which wore just a suspicion of a grim smile. Then the match fell from his fingers and expired on the floor.

"Allow me!" exclaimed the stranger pleasantly, and Hooker was suddenly startled by a blinding glare of white light, which struck him full in the face. "These electric bulbs are great for this purpose."

For a moment Hooker blinked and squinted. Then his eyes became accustomed to the light. The hand which held it was steady and unwavering. Hooker saw a handsome diamond ring on the slender finger. Then he looked beyond the streak of light into the face of the man, and started again, for memory served him swiftly. He knew that face—he had seen it before. He remembered the steady, determined expression in those dark eyes, and the grim curves of those firm lips. In a flash a scene from the past was re-enacted before his mental vision. He saw himself in a courtroom, his eyes fixed on this same face, his ears strained to catch every word that fell from those same lips. He heard the evidence that had convicted him of the Channing robbery presented by the man who now stood before him—Leroy Channing, son of the man he had heartlessly robbed.

For a moment Hooker was dazed. Then an intense desire for revenge assailed him. He hated this man bitterly, for to him he owed his imprisonment, and his soul thirsted for revenge. Forgotten in the instant was the flyer and his desire for flight; forgotten was the risk he ran by remaining in the city; forgotten was everything save that an opportunity he had often longed for had unexpectedly come to him. With the self-control that had many times served him in good stead he calmed his nerves and started his keen wits working.

"That's a fine skyrocket, all right," he remarked nonchalantly. "Just what I ought to have."

Leroy laughed and lowered the bulb, releasing at the same time the metal ring which formed the light-producing connection. As darkness fell about them Hooker fought hard against the desire to leap blindly upon the other and strangle him. Then the white streak shot out again and Channing's features grew stern and sober.

"What is your game?" he asked sharply, eyeing Hooker closely.

"Nothing in the full dress line," replied Hooker, with a purposely good-natured grin. "How cold are you?"

"I might be warmer," responded Channing. "These aren't fleece-lined, but under the circumstances—well, I want to get away; in fact, I've got to get away—at once. I'm in trouble, and I'm green at this sort of thing. I—I killed a man—shot him—with this!"

A revolver flashed wickedly before Hooker's eyes. He knew it had been shown purposely, that Channing wanted him to know he had it. He sneered inwardly, for it had no effect on him. The words of his com-

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panion had far more significance. He gleaned from them the explanation of Channing's presence there. He was a murderer! Hooker never doubted this; believing it, he pulsated excitingly. What a glorious revenge he would have!

"Tell me about it," he said. "Perhaps I can give you a tip."

Channing hesitated, compressing his features into a regretful frown, as if bitter memories tortured him. Hooker reined his inward glee with an effort.

"There's not much to tell," Channing said slowly. "I attended a little affair tonight—rather an exclusive one—and dallied far too intimately with the wine. The result was that at a card table I had an argument with a swindler. I knew he was crooked and I accused him of cheating. He had suited me wickedly and I resented it. You can guess what happened. I shot him and made a quick escape. But he had it coming to him."

"Yes?" interrogated Hooker.

"He deserved it. Well, I want to get away now until it blows over. Understand? I'm afraid to go into the depot, because they may suspect and be looking for me. I'd thought I'd jump on that train up there."

Hooker nodded.

"I see," he said. "But you can't do that—that way. And you'll have to discard those clothes. With me it's different, 'cause I'm used to it. First thing, I'm going to blow out myself, for reasons. But I'll give you a little help, if you want it."

As he finished he opened the flyer emerge from the trainshed with many a whoop and rumble, but he paid little heed. Revenge on Channing was uppermost in his mind now. Tomorrow or the day after would do for the other gateway.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Landers," responded Channing.

Hooker swallowed hard, his throat white, without a grimace.

"Mine's Peters," he retaliated. "Now, see here." He stepped to the open door and glanced southward, where the tail-lights of the flyer were now disappearing straight around a curve. A slight spasm of regret seized him, but he shook it off. "You listen to me," he said in a low, brisk tone. "I'll see you're green, or you'd never try to get away like that. You couldn't get away in those clothes. Why, the first streak of daylight'd find folks asking you where you got them. You've got to change. Then you'll be safer."

"I know it," agreed Channing ruefully, "but what could I do? I had to skip. I had no time—"

"Want me to fix you up?"

"Yes, if you will." The answer came quickly. "I'll make it all right with you."

"No need. I'll help a pal any time. Well, we've got to get out of here first. We'll go over to Shirley Jct. He knew me and he'll fix you up with some hand-me-downs. Then we'll get out together. Are you on?"

"Certainly," replied Channing enthusiastically. "Say, you're all right."

Hooker's blood tingled with joy. Already he saw Channing completely in his power, and himself exacting a full measure of revenge for Shirley Jct. Then, Chicago, Joliet. It was really too easy. Channing was uttering his gratitude, and Hooker was doing nothing. In Hooker's hands, at Smiley Joe's, he would be as wax.

"Come on!" he said, and he set the example by leaping to the frozen earth. In a moment Channing was beside him, and they stole silently and swiftly, they darted across the tracks to the street. Convulsive shivers ran over Channing's body, and his teeth chattered violently. The dark, narrow, deserted street, which peered between the tracks served as a funnel to the biting wind and the first rush nearly swept him from his feet. Hooker, however, fought the force of his revengeful desire, supported him and turned him around.

"Walk this way!" he shouted. "Keep your hands in your pockets. It's only three blocks."

To Channing it seemed as many miles. The wind numbed him and his eyes watered. Hooker, only vaguely aware in moment of the elements, watched him narrowly, while he kept a sharp lookout for police.

They stopped before a miserable, squalid, frame building, dark and forbidding, the front part of which was a saloon. The narrow board walk led to the rear, and Hooker turned in, motioning his companion to follow. Channing walked cautiously, breathing easier as the force of the wind was broken by the building. Hooker's knock rapped knocked firmly and without hesitation on a little door, which, after a brief interval of silence, was opened by Smiley Joe, who contrained his eyes in vain to see the occupant of the place. He heard his voice—a coarse, harsh gutteral.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Let me in, Joe," Hooker said.

He glanced hurriedly at Channing as he made this inadvertent slip, and said hastily:

"That's not my name."

"I think I'll have to take a new one myself," responded Channing easily.

The man Hooker called Joe, opened the door wide and the two men stepped across the threshold. In a moment a flare of gas lit up the dingy, foul-smelling room and Channing looked around. The room was low, the walls of which were smoky and grease and the plaster was rent in numerous places. A bed and chairs and a table, a single chair. Smiley Joe, the owner of the place, was a disreputable-appearing individual, with a degraded, evil-expressed countenance and clothes that were disgraceful to look upon. His mouth opened with amazement as he saw Hooker and even Channing's figure.

"Well, I'll be—say, what's up, Hooker?" he demanded. "When'd you get out?"

"Never mind," replied Hooker shortly. "I'm here. Got any clothes of mine, Joe. Name's Landers."

Joe extended a grimy hand, from which two fingers were missing, and Channing grasped it.

"I want some old clothes," he said easily. "I've got to get out of town, and—"

"He killed a cop, Joe," interposed Hooker. "It's all right. Give him a hand-me-down and put those glad rags away somewhere."

Joe glanced swiftly at both men, mumbled a short "All right," and disappeared into an adjoining room. In a moment he returned, bearing an armful of nondescript clothing, which he laid on the table. He selected a coat and held it up in front of Channing.

"That'll do," he commented.

A vest and pair of trousers were likewise passed upon and proved satisfactory. Channing's features relaxed somewhat.

"Come in here," said the little proprietor and Channing followed him into the other room, which was just as dirty as the first. Smiley Joe placed the clothes on a chair and lit the gas.

"Put them on," he said shortly, and then went out, shutting the door behind him.

Left to himself, Channing's manner changed instantly. He drew his revolver from his pocket, examined the contents of the room and with no thought of the clothes he was supposed to don, he tipped to the door and pressed his ear close to it. His features were sternly set and his eyes flashed dangerously. The hand which gripped the weapon was as nerveless as a block of wood. After a moment he dropped to a crouch and pressed his ear close to the keyhole, through which every word spoken in the other room was plainly audible to him.

"What's up, Hooker?" demanded Joe, half-angrily. "Is this the way you play the game? Do you want to get me into trouble? That guy may be a fly-cop."

"Fly-cop nothing," retorted Hooker. "Don't get uneasy, because everything's all right. Landers is a friend of mine. Channing's son. He's the fellow who saw me rob his father's house a couple of years ago, and had me sent up. Now I've got him."

"Yes, yes; well?"

"He's in a bad fix. Got mixed up at a swell club somewhere and killed a smooth-card sharp. I met him in a box-car, half frozen, pumped him and got a line on him and brought him here. Now I'm going to keep him here, and bleed him for all he'll stand."

"It's dangerous," declared Joe.

"Nonsense. It's the safest thing going. He's as innocent as a kid. He'll do anything I say. I've got to lay low myself for a while, so I may as well stay here. Made a good haul tonight, Joe," he added proudly. "Found Major Marsh's place for a couple of thousand."

The man beyond the door uttered a sharp ejaculation and the sound seemed on the trigger of the weapon.

"You're a devil, one, Hooker," remarked Joe after a moment.

"I have to be. Now, listen. Lock that back door." Hooker paused. "Maybe he comes out we'll put it up to him. Give me your gun and I'll cover him the moment he steps out. He's got one—I saw it—and he may know how to use it, but we'll take it away from him."

Joe handed Hooker his weapon without a word and they waited a moment in silence. Then Channing turned the knob of the door and Hooker stepped forward. The door did not open, however, for Channing seemed to have difficulty operating the catch. He turned the knob a half-dozen times and then, apparently failing to accomplish his object, shouted angrily:

"Open the door, you fools!"

Hooker, with a glance at Smiley Joe, stepped forward to lend an assisting hand. The man he had known as Landers knob. Then, as if forced by a violent explosion, the door opened wide and Channing leaped into the room. Hooker was momentarily stunned by being flung violently backward, and before he could recover his physical or mental equilibrium Channing's revolver was thrust to within an inch of his nose, and Smiley Joe's weapon was snatched from his hand. Channing's movements were incredibly quick. With a kick the door was kicked it shut with his foot and stood against it. Smiley Joe's weapon covered the corner, who with Hooker, seemed to be paralyzed, in the center of the room; Channing's own weapon was held on a level with Hooker's eyes.

It all happened so quickly that both Hooker and Joe were dumbfounded, though they were to desperate encounters and long experience in emergencies quite unawares, and could offer no tangible opposition to Channing's seizure of complete mastery of the situation.

Impotent rage filled Hooker's soul. He had been duped, played with, outwitted by the man he had thought to wind around his finger. The humiliation of it was agonizing. His clenched hands and twitching fingers bore open testimony to the bitterness of his feelings. A torrent of vile oaths burst from his full lips as he realized the realization of the manner in which he had played into his enemy's hands. Channing, seeing smiled triumphantly and said, in a quiet, easy tone:

"All's fair in this business, Hooker. You tried to play me for a fool, but I turned the tables on you. You thought I suspected you set eyes on you and I knew you had not reformed. You were a thief two years ago and you are a thief now. You robbed me of the father of my future wife, Major Marsh, and, as I put you to the pen once, I am going to do it again."

Smiley Joe made a quick movement as if to extinguish the light, but Channing, seeing it, flashed instantly, and a bullet sped over his head. He stopped short. His face grew pallid and white. Then unconsciously a sound of hurriedly moving feet fell upon the outside of the place and Channing exclaimed:

"If either of you move I'll kill you. I'm in deadly earnest, so be quick!"

"Open the door!" thundered a harsh voice from the rear of the building.

"Break it in, cops!" shouted Channing in reply.

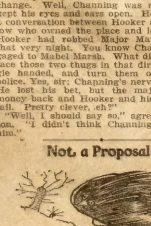
There was a straining and splintering of wood and then a crash, as a heavy shoulder forced the door from its hinges. Two rubber-coated police officers, forcing their way with drawn clubs, burst into the room.

"What's the meanin' of all this shootin'?" demanded a thick, Irish voice. Then four keen eyes took in the entire situation, and Hooker and Smiley Joe were gathered into the toils of the law.

"You see, it was this way," Frank Walters told his friend Henderson, as they lounged comfortably in the smokingroom of the Albemarle, "Channing and Bert Hartwick and myself were talking about poker, the other night at our club—discussing physical stamina and endurance and that sort of thing, you know. We had quite an argument. Hartwick contended that a man who lives out or doors all the time is better able to withstand cold and exposure than such hothouse plants as you or I. Well, that's so, and I know it, but Channing couldn't see it that way, or pretended he couldn't. He got rather worked up about it, too, and the result of the whole thing was a wager between himself and Hartwick that he could sleep out, in a box-car, that very night, dressed just as he was. He was in full dress and swell togs, as was about twenty below zero last Thursday. Well, he went away from the club about nine o'clock to win the bet, and do you know, he would have done it, too. But it happened that the box-car he selected was entered by a tramp after midnight and Channing recognised him as the very fellow who had robbed his father two years before. Naturally enough Hooker, Channing became suspicious of the tramp right away and decided he'd keep up to crooked work again, so he resolved to turn him over to the police. He pretended that he, too, was a fugitive from justice, a murderer, and Hooker believed him. The fellow promised to give Channing some old clothes so he could get away from the city unobserved by the police, and they went to a cheap dive somewhere to get the change. Well, Channing was no fool and kept his eyes and ears open. He overheard a conversation between Hooker and the fellow who owned the place and learned that Hooker had robbed Major Marsh's house the very night. You know Channing's engaged to Marsh's daughter. What did he do but face those two thugs in that dirty hole single handed, and turn them over to the police. Channing won the bet, as all right. He lost his bet, but the major got his money back and Hooker and his pal are in jail. Pretty clever, eh?"

"Well, I should say so," agreed Henderson. "I didn't think Channing had it in him."

Not a Proposal.



She—Oh, stand up! What if somebody should see us! Besides, you ought not to speak with mama.

He—Oh, no! I only wanted to see your face!

Days to Clase Together.

Angry Purchaser—Didn't you tell me that you had got as many as twelve eggs in one day from three eight hens you sold me?

Exasperating Poultry Raiser—Yes, ma'am.

Angry Purchaser—Then why is it that I'm never able to get more than two eggs from them, and sometimes not that many in one day?

Exasperating Poultry Raiser—I don't know, ma'am, unless it's because you look for eggs too often. Now if you will look for them once a week, I feel quite positive that you will get just as many eggs in one day as I did.

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite.

A good appetite is the best sauce. It sees a long way toward helping in the digestion of food and is really a necessity to good health and strength.

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"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and when dinner comes I am ready. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel that 'goneness' that comes before my breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner.

"My little 13-month-old grandson has been very sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing plump and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all—hadn't the slightest. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Many a man has been permitted to shiver in the cold merely because he foolishly imagined that he had the fire of genius.

The Philpot Robbery

The Mystery of a $100,000 Theft

By Paul Gray

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]
Begun in No. 52, December 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from any news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.
A RECREANT BROTHER.

WHEN Phil turned to Janet Price, he found her sitting dazed and bewildered on the bench, with a strange, set look in her eyes and her dainty form seemingly about to crumble.

Unschooled in the mysteries of hypnotism he did not know by what process to bring her out of her approaching stupor, but he judged that energetic action was needed.

Taking her firmly by the shoulders, he stooped over and glanced into her eyes.

"Come, wake up, quick," he urged, at the same time shaking her vigorously.

Janet opened wide her eyes at the order, startled wearily, and then appeared to rouse herself. But the effort was short-lived. Her lids soon showed a renewed tendency to droop.

Phil, now thoroughly alarmed lest the girl should lapse into unconsciousness, lifted her gently in his arms and carried her along the park path until he reached a drinking fountain. Here he dashed a quantity of cold water into her face.

In an instant the girl's mind cleared, her eyes brightened and her face dripping, she turned to Phil questioningly. He tenderly wiped away the water with his handkerchief.

"Oh, you've come at last, have you?" she sighed. "I had almost given you up."

"Who was your companion here just now?" asked Phil decidedly, for a suspicion that had been forming in his mind since his visit to the Philpot home in the afternoon was now agitating him.

Janet hesitated a moment.

"Come, quickly," he urged. "More than you think depends upon your answers now."

"My brother," came the reply slowly.

"What was he doing here with you?"

"He had gone to the Philpot home to see me, and when I told him I was coming here he followed me."

"Who was his call so urgent?"

Phil Pry had to repeat his question before he secured a reply. Then it came uneasily:

"I cannot tell you."

"Did you know that he was trying to hypnotize you when I arrived here?"

The maid looked up startled. Then, across her face flashed an expression that told Phil her active mind was groping feebly with the suspicion that had now possessed him.

Phil dropped to the bench beside her and took her hand gently in his.

"My dear young lady," he began confidingly, "your involvement mysteriously and perilously in that jewel robbery up at the Philpot——"

"Sir," she interrupted sternly, "I'm an honest girl if I am only a lady's maid, and it's not right that you should insult me thus."

She dragged her hand away from Phil's grasp, and even in the gloom he could see a flush mount to her pale cheeks.

"You mistake me entirely," he explained. "I do not think you are responsible, but you appear to be strangely involved."

"You're a detective, then, aren't you? I thought you were when you first came into the house."

"No, not a detective," answered Phil, "but a newspaper reporter, trying to solve this mystery, and yet," he paused for a moment while she looked into his face, "not now so intent on solving this mystery as I am anxious to free you from the entanglements that threaten you."

Something in the young man's earnest face evidently won the girl's confidence. Her breast came faster, too, with his confusing promptions.

"I would like to help you in any way I can," she said, "but I can not see how your suspicions involve me."

"You can help me," blurted Phil, "just by answering a few questions. And believe me, they are not asked in idle curiosity, but with an honest intent to solve the Philpot enigma and clear you?"

"Clear me?" she exclaimed hurriedly. "I don't understand."

"Answer me fairly and you will see."

"Hurry, then, for I should be back now."

"Your brother has been trying to get you to help him in some wrong doing." It was more a charge than a question.

The girl qualled under it and then nodded her head.

"What is his business?"

"He is Mr. Philpot's confidential clerk."

"And he ever been in the Philpot home?"

"Oh, yes, many times. Sometimes to see me and sometimes on business for Mr. Philpot."

"Did he know about the jewels?"

The girl hesitated, then looked gravely into Phil's face. She seemed assured by what she saw there, for she went on:

"Yes, all about them. He had asked me."

"He is in serious trouble, isn't he?"

With face downcast, the girl merely nodded yes.

"How?"

"He says he has overdrawn his account with Mr. Philpot."

"How much?"

"Nearly thirty thousand dollars."

"With Philpot's permission?"

"Oh, no, he's in fear now that it'll be discovered before he can make it up. The books are to be examined next week."

"Has he ever said anything to you about the jewels since they were stolen?"

The young woman hesitated again.

"I must know if I am to do you any good," urged Phil.

"No; he has acted strangely when I've talked about them."

"Was he in the house at any time shortly before the robbery was discovered?"

"Yes; he called on me a couple of nights about then."

"You were in Mrs. Philpot's apartments?"

"Yes, he was curious to see them."

"He knew about the jewel safe?"

"I showed him where it was."

"Anything peculiar in his manner?"

"Why, I remember now, I went to sleep while he was there."

"Did he have the strong-box combination or where it was kept?"

"No, sir; not a thing."

"Were you asleep when he left?"

"Yes; he awakened me."

"And what does he want you to do now to help him?"

"He must make up his shortage, he says, or go to prison."

"How did he lose it?"

"Speculating in stocks."

"And what does he want you to do?"

"Oh, please don't ask me."

"I wouldn't if it weren't necessary for me to know."

"Well, then, he wanted me to help him steal the Philpot gold and silver plate."

"And when you refused, he started to hypnotize you?"

Janet Price did not answer. She merely looked wonderingly into Phil's face. Then a wavering light appeared to break across her features and she sighed deeply.

"The light is beginning to break in on you, too, isn't it?" said Phil. "Well, don't worry, little girl," he went on, patting her hand gently. "We'll clear you completely of this, and maybe of your wicked brother of yours also."

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed as her hand sought her palpitating bosom, "do that and I'll never forget you nor cease to thank you."

"Your thanks are worth while," said Phil, "and I'll not forget your promise. And now I must see your brother. Where does he live?"

"He rooms in an apartment house at No. 99 One Hundredth street."

Phil escorted the girl back to the Philpot mansion. At the gate they shook hands.

"I'd like to see you in the park again tomorrow night," said Phil, looking squarely into the girl's face.

"I don't know," she answered shyly, "but I'll try."

"Thank you," responded Phil, and ere Janet had fairly disappeared within the gate, he was off to beard her deeply entangled brother.

CHAPTER XVIII.
A BROTHER'S SHAME.

A hurried trolley car ride and a brisk run of several blocks brought Phil Pry to No. 99 One Hundredth street—a tall apartment building, over one of the silvered speaking tubes in the lobby of which he read "Frank Price."

Up through the tube he whistled anxiously. A long wait followed, finally broken by a man's voice:

"What's wanted?"

"I want to see Mr. Frank Price on important business at once."

"Who are you?"

"A friend of his sister."

Another long wait ensued, during which Phil began to fear that his query might take fright and flee the building by some other door. His patience was finally rewarded, however, by the voice at the upper end of the tube:

"Mr. Price can't see any one tonight."

"But he must see me," insisted Phil.

"Why?"

"Because the safety of his sister depends upon my seeing him at once."

This time the wait was not so long, and brought the message:

"Come up."

The spring lock on the outer door clicked at the same instant, and turning the knob, Phil threw it back and hurriedly ascended to the fourth floor. A maid ushered him into a front room. As he seated himself, his sharp eyes caught sight of another pair peering through the crack in an adjoining door. The scrutiny must have been partially satisfactory at least, for almost immediately the door was thrown open and a man, tall, gray and worried, advanced into the room.

"You want to see Mr. Price?"

"Mr. Frank Price?" responded Phil. "Are you he?"

"I am," was the answer in a strained, tired voice. "What is your mission from my sister?"

Phil's rapid scrutiny showed Price to be a man evidently aged beyond his years. His cheeks were wrinkled and sallow, his forehead was furrowed with lines of care and his eyes and the shifting, nervous look of one ever on the alert, apprehensive of discovery. He was well dressed and bore an air of refinement, but there was a masterlike curve to his long, thin, well-manicured fingers that caused a faint shudder to pass through the frame of the reporter, always sensitive to unusual impressions.

Phil at once decided that he must use all his natural ingenuity and ability to bluff in breaking down this man. Yet he was at an advantage in that the worried figure before him was entirely in the dark as to the extent of the reporter's knowledge concerning him.

Waiting for Phil's answer, Price carefully closed both doors of the room.

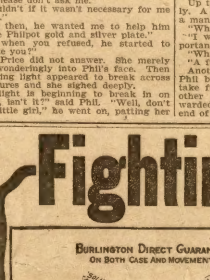
"I've learned your history and your methods," began Phil, looking the other squarely in the eyes. Price's qualled under the gaze, then shuddered, grew even paler and clutched the back of a chair for support as his inquisitor went on:

"I must recover the Philpot jewels if your sister is to be saved from arrest and prison."

The nervous figure ran his tongue over his parched lips before he could find voice to speak. Then, brokenly he muttered:

(Continued on page ten.)

Fighting the Trust



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Grace Lanyon's Betrayal;

OR, THE MAN WHO VANISHED.

By Weldon J. Cobb.

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Begun in No. 2 January 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

$100,000.

SHIRLEY MOORE!"

It seemed to Grace Lanyon as she gazed upon the portrait of the man she was hired, had promised, was fated to run down in the interests of justice, that her soul had left her body.

Spellbound, appalled, she gazed at the bewildering picture. She could not speak, she could scarcely think. The frightful mockery and misery of her situation fairly overwhelmed her.

Surely, never on the wide, wide earth had so strange, so cruel, so uncertain a fate been meted out to an innocent, heart-broken child of fortune. In the wildest dreams of the sensationalist a more dramatic, a more tragic complication could scarcely ensue.

Grace drooped like a wilted flower. She was barely conscious of a great shock, a crushing blow in heart and soul. Then, for the second time in that weird house of mystery, she lost all consciousness.

When she woke to life and reason again, she found herself lying on a couch beyond half-closed draperies. It was in a small apartment that connected by means of an archway with the main room of the suite. A hazy memory of what had occurred made thought painful, but by degrees her mind cleared, and the old hideous complication was made apparent to her in all its crushing reality.

Grace could look into the next room through the curtains. She could make out the great glass case that held Partello. There, too, was Zimene. The latter sat in an arm chair, his head sunk upon his breast, his hand shading his eyes, as though immersed in deep, painful thought. Pacing noiselessly from window to window overlooking the street was Vassar.

The brow of the old man was deeply contracted, as though anxiety was with him. He, too, acted impatient. His frequent glances from the window seemed to indicate that he was expecting some one. Basil was nowhere in view within the apartment.

Grace judged that she must have lain unconscious for several hours. She could tell this from the dim noises that came up from the deserted street only occasionally. Lamps were lit in the house. There was no sound or stir about the place. She strove to arise. Sheer weakness defeated her success of the effort, and she was glad to sink back and lie quiescent until her strength had more fully rallied.

Suddenly Zimene lifted his head. He glanced restlessly at Vassar, who was pacing the room, and spoke his name:

"Vassar."

The old man came readily toward him.

"You call me?" he spoke.

"Yes. I'm getting into. I am uneasy, we should not have sent Basil forth."

"Some one had to go."

"But he does not return as quickly as he promised."

"Perhaps he has found a trace of Joseva —it was for that he started out."

There was a brief lapse of silence. Then Zimene spoke again.

"The girl," he said, "the one below?"

"She has a nurse. I hired today. She is comfortable and doing better."

"I am glad," said the Prince. "And the one in yonder—the poor girl—"

"Miss Lanyon, yes. She has received a terrible shock. She has lain insensible for hours. But she breathes naturally."

"There is no danger?"

"None. I am sure. Her overstrained nerves gave way."

"Why?"

"I know not why."

"It was the portrait?"

"Yes. Perhaps her delicate nature shrank from the hard task we seek to impose upon her. Hark—ah, he has come!"

With quite a shout, as of relief and satisfaction, Vassar sprang to the door of the room. There had been a harsh, resonant series of knocks at the street door.

"It is Basil at last," Grace heard the Prince murmur, and then he bent his ear to listen to the sounds from below. Grace caught the echoes of footsteps rapidly ascending the stairs. The strong bolts of the street door were drawn back. There was the sound of quick, excited tones. Zimene sprang to his feet, an anxious, startled expression upon his fine face. The next moment, almost dragging Basil, the old man Vassar re-entered the room.

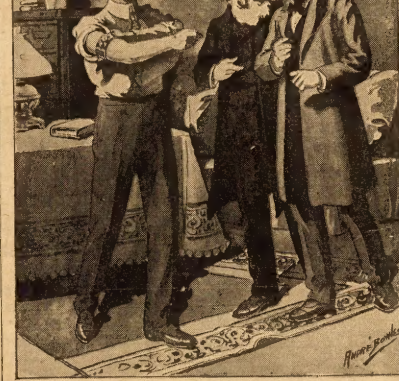
Basil was pale and distressed. He was breathless and exhausted. He seemed to have strength only to stagger to a seat and drop into it. Then he fixed dilated, imploring eyes upon Zimene.

"Prince!" he gasped, and buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

"What is it?" demanded Zimene quickly.

"The worst!" faltered forth Vassar, himself all unmanned and trembling with suppressed excitement. "The very worst!"

"Speak!" ordered Zimene peremptorily. "Joseva."



"Is it security?" demanded the prince.

"And then——"

"His body was found in the river early this morning. His pockets were turned inside out. His breast was bare. The precious packet he bore there was gone."

"All our wealth!" murmured Zimene. "Poor Joseva! faithful servant, loyal friend." His face hardened. "Another tally on the long score for Cardona!" he spoke. "Death and disaster have followed all his course, but," he added sternly, a determined glint in his eye, "the reckoning will come!"

"Joseva should never have been allowed to go forth alone in a strange city," spoke Vassar.

"We trusted him implicitly."

"It is not that. He should not have carried all your wealth. It is fate. The strength and sinews of our hopes was money, the money is gone."

"Vassar, you shall be buried decently," observed Zimene. "You must see to that, even if all else fails," and he drew a glittering ring from his finger.

"And what afterwards?" asked Vassar in practical way.

"Basil found him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At the morgue."

A quiver passed over the frame of the Prince.

"Dead?"

"Dead!"

The color deserted the face of Zimene. He had all the proud dignity and habitual reserve of a trained ruler, but he did broke into a pitiful expression. Basil looked up, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"I traced him. I found where Joseva had been," he narrated in a broken, wailing tone. "He had gone among the rough sailor boarding houses near the great wharves. He perhaps sought some one who knew the South American marine service. Here that he hoped for some first clew to Cardona."

"We must send for more money."

"To far Avillo—consuming weeks of time, while Cardona eludes us for good," demanded Vassar.

"I must think," spoke the Prince simply.

He arose, and as Vassar had restively done, began to pace up and down before the windows. Grace, bewildered yet interested in all that was going on, could see him through the parting in the draperies.

She noticed that his face glowed with great and intense thought. The Prince, it seemed wrestling with some great mental problem. His manner was very determined as he slowly advanced to where Basil was seated, dejected and anxious. Near by was Vassar, waiting developments in grim silence.

"There be only one thing to do," announced Zimene, "and I must do it."

Vassar looked up inquiringly.

"We have lost all our money. Were it a small amount, I have a few trivial jewels that might bridge over the occasion. But you say that a great sum is required."

"A comparatively large sum, truly," assented Vassar.

"Name the amount."

"That is difficult. Our plans against Cardona may mature in a day. Then, again, it may require weeks, even months to get him into our net."

"The amount—the amount?" insisted the Prince impatiently.

Old Abel Vassar reflected for a minute or two.

"You may arrive at a point in your plans where a large sum of gold can tip the scales of fate in your direction."

"Well? well?"

"You say no expenditure, no sacrifice is too great to recover the lost crown of Avillo?"

"It is true."

"It may, perchance, require fifty thousand dollars——"

"Say one hundred thousand dollars," interrupted Zimene rapidly. "Will I sacrifice?"

"That enormous sum——" began Vassar, in bewilderment.

"Shall be yours to carry on the work, only do not fail me."

"With one hundred thousand dollars I can move the world!"

"It shall be yours."

"But how—"

"Do you know a wealthy pawnbroker?"

"Many of them," answered Vassar.

"Who are able to loan that amount?"

"One hundred thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"I know several of them."

"Then bring one of them here at once," ordered the Prince peremptorily.

"You have some pledge you wish to offer?" inquired Vassar wonderingly.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Myself."

CHAPTER X.

SPLENDID SPOILS.

Old Abel Vassar stared in profound bewilderment at Prince Zimene.

"You wish," he stammered slowly, "to—pawn—yourself?"

"Yes," responded the South American definitely.

Vassar regarded the Prince curiously. He looked him over from head to foot in a speculative, calculating way, as if he were mentally appraising the plain and not costly habiliments he wore.

"I do not understand," he confessed finally.

"Bring the pawnbroker you select," said Zimene, a manifest settled purpose in his face. "I will explain then to both of you."

"Let Basil go to the pest house," suggested Vassar, preparing to leave the room.

"It never feel easy for those in the house when I am out of it. He can be nearer to the entrance, and he can get anything the nurse of the sick girl may want."

The old man and Basil left the room. There was a long spell of silence. Zimene sat immersed in thought, his face portentously gloomy. Grace lay very quiet. All she had seen and heard seemed to have passed before her like a dream. It was so unreal, but interesting. She knew that complications in the mighty plot of Vassar were working themselves out coherently. She knew that Eva was being well cared for. A sense of dumb weariness held her in a strange thrall of comfort and inertia. She closed her eyes. For a few moments, she fancied, she slept.

As she opened her eyes again she saw that Vassar had returned. Basil was not now in the room into which Vassar had led a bent, sordid-faced man. The stranger was the typical pawnbroker in appearance and manner.

"This is my friend, Godfrey Stein," introduced Vassar.

Zimene bowed distantly.

"You wish to do business with me?" inquired the newcomer.

"I do," replied the Prince promptly. "Has Vassar explained to you?"

"He has told me much that is strange and unusual, yes," admitted the pawnbroker.

"I wish to borrow between fifty thousand and one hundred thousand dollars."

"I have the money," announced Stein simply. "The security?"

"Myself."

"Ah!"

"I will explain."

Zimene removed the coat he wore. Beneath it was a rich dark velvet one, flowing sleeves. One of these he deftly rolled up to the shoulder. A flash of brilliancy, a bewildering glint of colors rarely beheld, dazzled the eyes of the beholders.

Just below the shoulder, deftly fitting the tawny arm of the South American, was a great band of solid gold. Sunk into it and seemingly forming some mystic hieroglyphic of his race, were half a hundred of the most magnificent gems, diamonds, rubies, pearls—it looked as if the treasure house of some great East Indian prince had been rifled to form the glorious galaxy of richness.

Old Vassar stared with wondering face. Godfrey Stein's eyes glowed like electric sparks. His gloating glance was cautious, amazed, spellbound.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" was all that he could say, over and over, and ever again.

"It is security!" responded the Prince tersely.

"A dozen times over," admitted the money lender.

"The band you see," explained Zimene, "is the royal insignia of my race. The lost crown of Avillo, rudely carved iron, intrinsically valueless, but sacred today to my supremacy. Supported by the royal band, none could deny or question my leadership. Avillo would hail me as king any time, by custom and usage and the laws of my country. I have my kingship claim. But I offer it and its wearer, myself, as security for the loan. Do you accept?"

The pawnbroker looked at the dazed and irresolute. Such a bewildering proposition had never been presented to him before. It fairly stunned him.

"Listen," pursued Zimene, "if you loan the money as I suggest it, I bind myself to pay it within ninety days."

"How?" demanded Stein.

"I shall at once send word for double the amount to friends in Avillo."

"You will pay me rent per cent?" eagerly questioned the money lender.

"Willingly."

Stein's eyes glistened with avarice.

"Further," proceeded the Prince, "I will at once go to your shop to your home with you. I shall remain there, a chattel, until the loan is repaid. You may, if you like, shut me up in a heavy room, or chain me to an iron ring, or manacle me hand and foot. Make yourself safe. I shall not heed the temporary sacrifice of freedom and comfort, if the great aim of my life can be attained."

"I will go bond for his sincerity," said Vassar solemnly.

The pawnbroker reflected deeply. He would look down and shake his head dubiously. Then a sight of the glowing gems would bring back the fire of avarice to his covetous eyes.

"Yes," he said finally, "it is agreed."

"I will go with you at once," said the Prince. "Vassar will bring to me some clothing I need tomorrow. My friend," he said gravely to the old man, "I trust all to you."

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"I will be faithful to the trust," declared Vassar impressively, "I promise by the memory of my lost Rachel."

"Be careful of Fartello," said the Prince, indicating the sleeping old native in the glass case. "Be kind to Basil. See that Joseya is decently buried."

"All this I will faithfully attend to," promised Vassar.

"Your charges here, the two young girls —spare no money to make them happy and comfortable. Finally, let us start at once in the way of accomplishing the great work of running down Cardona."

"Rely upon me," spoke Vassar simply.

All three of the men left the apartment. Grace heard them go down the stairs and out of the house. With an effort, she gained her feet.

From the floor below, a plaintive strain of music floated upon her ears. She passed the glass case with a natural shrinking. She descended the stairs, and a moment later sank quite exhausted in a chair in the main room of the lower suite.

Gazing into the next apartment, a strange picture fascinated her gaze. The nurse was resting comfortably in an arm chair near the couch on which Eva lay. Eva was awake. She looked woefully ill and weak, but the old bright, happy light was in her beautiful eyes. In a rapt delight she was listening to a sweet, melancholy air that Basil was playing on a small stringed instrument resembling a mandolin.

Basil sat on a stool. Like innocent children in a dream of pure beauty and peace, the frail, angelic girl and the slender, handsome youth seemed swayed by strains of soft, eloquent harmony that bound their souls as one.

CHAPTER XI.
UNMASKED.

"You are ready?" inquired old Abel Vassar anxiously.

"I am ready," answered Grace Lanyon steadily.

"Come, then, we will leave at once."

It was a weak, shaky voice that lay in the experience of Grace, ending in the departure of the human pledge, the Prince Zimene, to become the mere pawn of the money lender, Godfrey Stein.

That week, aside from a secret weight of thought over affairs which she had imparted to Vassar, had been one of the most peaceful and satisfactory of her life.

Beginning with the next day, Vassar spent nearly all of his waking hours away from the house of mystery. The place was very quiet now, with himself and Zimene absent, and matters drifted on in a steady monotony. Basil took upon himself all of the care of the old South American native in the glass case. Grace attended to the light household duties. Eva was convalescent and able to sit up, and the nurse was no longer required.

For that entire week Vassar never so much as alluded to the great undertaking in which he was engaged, nor did he remind Grace of her prospective duties in the enterprise. He seemed to accept her strange behavior at seeing the picture that Basil had painted, as merely the climax in a series of nerve-racking occurrences.

As for Grace, she had recalled her confrontation of the portrait with a thrill and a great shrinking at every time that memory revived the incident.

She could scarcely comprehend the vast, subtle intricacies of the fate that had led her to the house of mystery and into the weird, inexplicable mazes of the present. In her wildest fancies she had never dreamed of so strange a complication as that which now confronted her. Here was she, the discarded love of Shirley Moore, seeking revenge, only forgetfulness, solemnly bound to run down the traitor to earth, to aid in a plot that might result in his conviction of a terrible charge of murder, that would certainly place him in the power of Vassar, resolute men, determined to compel Grace to atone for his sins of the past.

It was a terrible blow to her faith and love to know that Shirley Moore was not the reverse of what she had fervently believed to be. Woman-like, she had tried to forgive him for deserting her at the wedding another. Nora Duvall was a siren. She made love to every man she met, and about Shirley that he could not resist. Many a woman had fallen a victim to the wiles of a subtle Delilah. But to know that the lover she had so esteemed and admired was a fiend, a desperado, an assassin, almost destroyed the pure trust of the inexperienced Grace in all humanity.

At last she told nobody of her recognition of the portrait, not even Eva. She shrank from forfeiting that intelligence to Vassar. In order to do so, she must reveal all of her past life. There was a complication here that would neutralize her usefulness in the plans of Vassar. Knowing Shirley Moore, in turn known by him, how could she hope to attain any important purpose for Vassar? When once seen by Shirley Moore, she would be instantly recognized by him.

She revered how and where her recreant lover was living, if he was happy with Nora. She wondered, too, what he would do when he learned that a Nemesis was on his track, that his crimes in South America were about to find him out. Grace recalled that she knew very little of the wandering life Shirley had led before settling down in the West. She did know that his experience in South America embraced one of his wandering periods while he was at odds with his uncle.

During the week Grace seemed to be a part of one of those phantasms of life that form the ideal of the dreamer and artist. It seemed to her as if youth, Basil, and Eva had been born to meet one another. Two radiant spirits, their strange meeting had gilded into a companionship that was a joy for Grace to observe. The young artist would steal downstairs and sit in a quiet, rapt trance, if only allowed to be near Eva, to watch the sunny smile upon her pure, delicate face, or echo the sweet music of her clear, joyous laughter. He would play for her quaint, weird tunes that seemed to accompany Billy some trip through the great majestic forests of Aville. He would tell her stories of the towering mountains among which he had lived for so many years. He would read to her, translating from poetic manuscripts of his faraway native land, and Eva, listening enchanted, seemed drifted into a new existence in perfect harmony with her ethereal nature.

Now, at the end of a week, one afternoon Vassar had come to the house of mystery after being away since daylight. He manifested a suppressed excitement very foreign to his grave nature, and instantly Grace surmised that he had some important intelligence to communicate to her. Grace forced a definite crisis at last, for the first impressive words of Vassar were:

"The hour has come at last!"

Grace met the earnest, intense glance of Vassar expectantly.

"I have not troubled you with details for the past week," continued Vassar. "Within that time I have been diligently working to secure our clues upon a basis of coherency and definite action. I have been locating and familiarizing myself with the environments of Cardona, and in this great drama, of which we are a part."

"Have you found the man, Cardona, then?" inquired Grace.

"Yes, I have laid out all my plans. The first step in their execution is for you to see the man secretly. I wish you to veil yourself closely and accompany me for a time. You must see the man, for my sake of him."

"To be sure of him, when I know him so well myself?" inquired the agitated Grace to her wildly beating heart.

She was glad of the respite afforded her. She could procrastinate for a brief period still the explanation she dreaded to make to Vassar.

Grace resolved to say nothing, but to allow affairs to shape themselves, and intelligent her suspicions to the old protector. He seemed deeply intent and sanguine over the hope that he had not the heart to rudely dissipate his ardor. Besides, she had a vague thought that she might, under favorable circumstances, were it necessary for her to come in frequent contact with Shirley Moore. She allowed affairs to drift for the present.

A heavy veil protected her face as she left the house with Abel Vassar. She was by no means calm as she traversed the streets of Aville. Vassar always present the deep pain and humiliation she felt of late, when she realized how treacherous and unworthy was the man to which she had so implicitly trusted. She was, too, affected by the thought that she was soon to see once more the man upon whom she had so innocently lavished all the deep love of her heart, the man whose life was being leading to the altar her most cruel girl enemy.

Vassar walked briskly for over a mile. Then he took a street car, and when he alighted with Grace in a thinly settled district of the city, he was a low, old-fashioned stone house in the center of nearly a square of ground. It was quite country-like, for it was surrounded with large shrubbery, flowers and leafless now, but still portially hiding the house.

"Remain here for a few minutes," directed Vassar, just outside the hedge that surrounded the grounds.

He stepped through a break in the hedge and was gone some little time. He reappeared then, beckoning.

"He is there."

"I—I am to see him?" faltered Grace.

"You must see him, yes. Do you see the light in a room just beyond the bay window?"

Grace murmured a quavering assent.

"Go alone, then, and approach as near to that window as you can. Cardona is there—the original of the portrait you saw. Study him closely. Be sure to fix every feature of the man in your mind. Then return and report to me outside here."

The girl's timid, perturbed heart was beating wildly. She was shivering all over with excitement as she moved rapidly and steadily through the break in the hedge, and crossed the garden toward the lighted window that Vassar had indicated.

As she neared it, she made out the figure of a man in a dark, flowing dressing gown. He was smoking a cigar. Before him, on a stand, were a decanter and glasses. Lolling back in a luxurious arm chair, directly facing the window, he came into plain view each moment that Grace advanced.

She got out of range of the light streaming from the window. Then, she glided on the walk running along the side of the house, she cautiously stepped directly in front of the window.

In a flash she discovered that the man within was the counterpart to a feature of the portrait shown to her in the house of mystery.

Shirley Moore! What strange fate was it that placed a barrier between them on every occasion? Here was Cardona, and now she gazed from the outside upon a scene of domestic luxury, and this man was the central figure of the dramatic scene.

As Grace stood there, the man lifted his face. Bright, powerful, it was strikingly beautiful upon his features. Grace was not five feet away from him. Her breath came quick, her eyes dilated.

And his eyes! As he lifted them into full view, there was revealed to Grace's gaze the base, evil soul of a bad-hearted man. Those eyes! Oh, Shirley, Shirley, the eyes of Shirley, of the real Shirley Moore!

Like a flash of lightning a great illuminating truth filled the heart of Grace Lanyon. She swayed back out of range of the window. Down upon the frozen ground she sank to her knees, a great, swelling cry of joy, of love, of ecstacy rising to her lips.

"Thank Heaven—oh, thank Heaven!" cried Grace Lanyon, with streaming eyes.

Shirley Moore—oh, never again to lose faith and love in him! Shirley, dead or alive, her true, loyal lover, for the original of the picture seen by her in the glass case house of mystery, the man into whose face she had just looked—was not Shirley Moore!

CHAPTER XII.
THE SECRET OUT.

The secret was out, the mystery explained —a new order of life had come into the soul of Grace Lanyon. A series of the most remarkable occurrences had led to a startling, to a wonderful climax, and now, even hours after this thrilling culmination, she could barely realize all that it meant to herself and others.

Grace had sunk to her knees and had remained on her knees after that enlightening glance at the man whom Vassar called Cardona. She was like one struck dumb. A vast wave of illumination seemed sweeping over her soul. Amid it all, one sentient thought was predominant—this man was not Shirley Moore. The man she had seen wed Nora Duvall was not Shirley Moore. Most of all, Shirley Moore had not been false to her.

Self-reproach made her heart writhe and weep. Thankfulness, deep and fervent, that her love had been true, filled all her life with rare and radiant love at that moment.

"My Shirley! my darling!" she wailed, "oh, how could I ever doubt you? Cruel—cruel!"

So long did Grace remain under the spell of this new and overwhelming emotion, that Vassar, alarmed at her continued absence, came seeking for her. She was finally aroused from the daze of bewilderment by feeling his hand on her shoulder and hearing his voice at her ear.

"Miss Lanyon!" spoke the old man in blank astonishment.

Grace started to her feet with a murmur of confusion on her lips.

"Are you ill, that you have near to the enemy!" continued Vassar in some excitement.

"I was overcome momentarily," explained Grace. "He has not seen me."

Grace then directed Vassar, and he assisted Grace to leave the garden. "You must be brave, my dear," he spoke more softly and consolingly.

"You will not blame me when I tell you all?" said Grace.

"All!" repeated Vassar vaguely.

"Yes; that man is not a stranger to me." You mean—"

"That I have seen him before."

"When? where?" questioned Vassar eagerly.

"It is a long story. He has come into my life like a destructive simoon, like a bird of prey. He is an imposter."

"If you mean that real name is not Cardona—yes, that is true."

"Nor is his name Shirley Moore," asserted Grace.

"Ah, you think that?"

"I know it," insisted Grace positively. "Tell me, Mr. Vassar, has he been living in the house of mystery?"

"He has—quietly. I find him passing under a variety of names, but mail has come to him under that name. I located him living here in seclusion, in fact, jugging from the scene of his movements, almost in hiding. A mystery surrounds him that I cannot clearly solve as yet. He remains here usually until late in the evening, having one or two servants about him, never any callers. Then he assumes a slight disguise, muffles himself up, and goes to a noted gambling place, where he stakes great sums of money. He is known among the gambling fraternity as 'The Plunger.' I have been told that one night, a few weeks

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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GENTLE JABS.

"There are," says the Washington Herald, "a lot of wise people in this country." Yes; and the number increases after every national campaign.

Colonel Roosevelt has killed an elephant with tusks that weigh 110 pounds, but there is no reason to believe that the ivory market will seriously affected.

One of the Chicago preachers predicts that the earth will be habitable in 200 years. Such progress as has been made during the past fifty years it should not be necessary to wait until 2010 for the ideal condition.

Few people actually enjoy hurrying out of a warm bed and into a tub of cold water, and nobody says he does needs to revise his use of words, and to remember that truth and accuracy are in the main uncommendable.

Nevertheless, there are a great number of people who enjoy the exhilarating feeling of health and vigor which follows a cold bath, provided it is given in sufficient power to quickly react from the cold. This is the thing that makes the cold bath beneficial. But it is a fact that hundreds of people, the well and the sick alike, are daily forcing themselves to a morning torture of cold water over their entire body because they think it strengthening. A few vigorous persons react so well and quickly that the totality of the experience is to them a pleasure, but a vast army of weakly people who need more health and strength, and who have no vigor to waste, spend half their cold shock of energy in trying to get up a reaction after the shivering experience of the morning, which they ought not to have had; but they react very poorly, and with purple lips and finger nails, with twinges of neuralgia and with troubles of digestion, all of which they try to combat by thicker clothing and more heat in their rooms.

Many invalids, or persons naturally weak, are trying the same sort of experiment with themselves every day of their lives, and with more struggle and less success. This subject is especially hard on those with weak lungs, who are so apt to have subnormal temperatures in the morning.

The daily bath has its use necessary for the removal of dirt from the general surface of the body. To say that the ordinary accumulation of perspiration, combined with porosity of the skin by clogging the pores is nonsense; a little perspiration removed by evaporation interferes not

inside a canoe, and she was somewhat timid about attempting it, but Wenona gave her no time to consider the advisability of trusting herself to the river in so frail and treacherous a barque. It was either that or capture, and death in the river was preferable to one at the stake.

"Wenona," she whispered, when they were seated, and the Indian-bred maiden began paddling upstream, keeping in the shadow of the trees along the shore, "are we not going to find some white settlement down the stream? You will come to the mountain soon, down which this brook cascades, and I will progress no further."

"Humph!" grunted the girl, "white settlement miles and miles away. Both starve before reach anybody but Indians."

"Oh, if there are Indians that way, let us keep on the way we are going. What shall we do when we can go no farther?"

"Wenona show when we get there."

Bessie heaved a gentle sigh. She saw she would be obliged to curb her impatience and trust all to her dusky companion. She was helpless as a babe, and utterly at the mercy of circumstances.

It was not far that the girl rowed up the stream before they came to a waterfall, and Bessie thought they must stop and take to land again. But to her surprise Wenona kept on as if she meant to row straight into the rapids. The canoe would surely be capsized in the whirlpool, she thought, and grasped the sides.

"Not be afraid," Wenona said; and the sound of the waterfall drowned the rest of the sentence.

The spray was falling around them now. Suddenly the canoe shot out of the water and deftly wrapped it about Bessie's shoulders. She herself was cast in backalin, on which the canoe had no effect. Wenona's face paled as the canoe darted into the whirlpool of rapids, and whirled around for a minute. She had no conception of what Wenona was about to do, and thinking her last hour had come, she bent forward with her head on her knees, the very thing her companion would have advised could she have made herself heard. And the next instant they darted through the sheet of water that covered the falls. They found themselves in the mouth of a cave, which the fall of water effectually hid from sight.

It was dexterously done, for the captive maid was a number of feet within the cave before in total darkness, and were unable to converse within sound of the falls, which, though small, prevented close enough a conversation. But Bessie obeyed when she felt the strong arm of her guide draw her from the canoe. Her first thought was that the savages would never find them here.

After the canoe had been secreted high and dry in the mouth of the cavern, Wenona led her farther inside, and out into an inner recess, where it was safe to kindle a fire, which gave them both warmth and light. Some rude stone implements the Wenona had said she knew of a place to hide, and this must be the place of refuge spoken of. She understood at once that this was a resort of the girl's, unknown to the Indians. But from this retreat they would also have to flee sooner or later, or starve. She intimated as much to Wenona. The girl laughed and threw back her head.

"Come!" She lighted a torch at the fire and led the way into large niche which had served for a pantry. Here were dried venison, smoked fish and parched corn, edible roots, such as Wenona gather from the woods, and dried berries.

"One day Wenona go away," she said in her broken English, "many moons ago. She hide here three days. She found this place when she waterfall was small. Water most dried up, and she see through into cave. She carry provisions here for three days when water thick. They pursue but not find her, but see the light from fire are kindle, and think it Great Spirit who live there. Then no come near this place any more. They not know Wenona come back and starve if she stay; so she go into woods for more roots and berries, and get found. She pretend glad, and say Great Spirit tell her to find her way to wigwams. They believe, but watch close for awhile so she won't get lost any more."

"Why did you hide here, Wenona?" Bessie asked, for the girl had not told her the girl's story.

"They want Wenona marry chief's son."

"And what became of him?" asked Bessie, forgetting everything in this romance, "did he still insist on marrying you?"

"Oh, he get killed while Wenona lost, not need hide any more. Wenona glad when white place so if she ever can find hermit, she hide again till she can go to him."

Wenona, you are a most thoughtful girl; if we can get free you shall be my sister. We will live together, and I will teach you everything the white women know—or, at least, all that I know myself," she finished, with a little laugh at her unconscious conceit. "And I'm sure with such sagacity as yours we will be able to outwit the old hermit, or the Black Phantom, and he will aid us to get out of this country."

The dark eyes of the maiden glowed in the light which fell on her comely face from the torch in her hand.

"Oh, if Wenona could only find father!" she cried.

Bessie put her arm around her.

"Are you sure, Wenona, that the hermit is your father?"

"Not sure, but squaws think so; when they talk of him."

"We must find him," Bessie replied. "We will stay here till it is safe to go. The Indians will tire of the chase after awhile, and think we are drown. If they discover we are not, they will think we will look downstream for us, and never, never guess of this place."

Wenona fell to a corner, and removing some skins, disclosed firearms and ammunition.

"We kill them fast as they come. But they never find us, so Wenona go kill deer sometime, and get food."

"It will be a long time, I think, before we will need our larder replenished."

It was evident that the Indian girl had gradually and stealthily stocked this place with provisions against a time of service.

"I shall have to explain myself, I see. Well, to begin with, it was all on account of my grandfather's will. You see, my dear queer, doesn't it? for Bessie is little better off at this moment than a beggar. But or rather, her cause, for you. Bessie's need was less urgent, I thought; and I may still have a home to go to. But your danger was imminent. And—"

"But how—"

"I will begin at the beginning."

Here Ben recounted his adventures up to the time when he left home with Hal, secreted in the hermit's cave, and demanded to know if he had deserted her, and which the reader already knows.

"You see, after Robert had made his escape," he continued, "I knew Bessie was alone except for the girl, Wenona, and I determined to risk everything and go back and help them to escape. The hermit assured me there was no immediate danger threatening me, and promised to go with Robert to fetch her away."

"Which would be an easy thing for him to accomplish," said Hal. "For I presumed you know the hermit is no other than the Black Phantom, so-called by the red men."

"A most singular coincidence of them both," exclaimed Ben.

"Ah, that is the mystery. But the Indians have some superstitious belief concerning him, and he could ride, as the Black Phantom, into their midst and take their captive away without resistance from any of them."

"Then they do not know that it is the hermit also, for ex saw them at the cliff trying their best to shoot him with their arrows."

"No, they do not know; they would tear the hermit limb from limb, if they could lay their hands on him, now he has preserved two separate identities I do not know. But he has promised to tell me his story."

"Well, he has so much influence with the redskins that I do not reasoned We-nonna."

"Tell us more about Wenona," said Hal.

"She is a white girl who has been a prisoner in their hands since babyhood. She confided to Bessie whom they had placed in her care."

"I did not know of it," replied the scout. "It may be that this man who passes for a phantom among the savages did not know of it either. He could easily rescue her, if she desires freedom."

"She does desire it."

"Then we must leave this vicinity till we can take her with us, eh, Ben?"

"They were riding on horseback horses were jaded, and Hazel was weary from her unusual ride. They had no fear of meeting Indians on their route, for none had made their appearance at the time of the shooting. Those two were doubtless the only ones that had given chase, as there was other work on hand at the Indian encampment. For them, no pursuit. Were discovered missing. It would not be well for Wenona if she was retaken, now that she had made one of their captives free.

Our little party now turned in the direction taken by the wagon train. Hal meant to restore Miss King and the lad to their friends, at the time when Ben should go on with his story.

"I was about to tell you," he began, "how I came to chase Miss King. I hurried out of the place, they were too slow for me, because my heart beat with anxiety-hearted Bessie. Of course, Rob could do nothing of himself and had to await the old man's motion. But I was different with me (with parsionable pride); I was born to skylarking through the woods and among dangers, like Hal, here. Eh?" to the scout.

Hal nodded his assent, and reached over and patted the boy's shoulder.

"You have the right sort of stuff in you, lad," he said.

"But Ben, you are off the track again," said Hazel. "I am anxious to know how you happened to come to her rescue."

"Well, to resume, I had my revolver ready and, as I rushed down the incline to the level, Miss King on her horse flew past. She was some distance away, and I did not know the cause of her flight. Later, an Indian rode up from the direction of their camp, and pulled up to listen when near my hiding place. Then I heard hoofbeats and the yells of the savages. I grasped the fact that they were in pursuit of her, and just as the one near me was about to join in the chase, I shot him from his seat, and sprang upon his pony, and followed in the direction Hazel had taken. I do not know whether I killed the red-

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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AGENTS $20 A WEEK EXPENSES PAID. No experience or capital required. Sell 36 home useful, large pillow tops 30x36; enlarged portraits, framing, paintings, frames; largest prices; samples and catalogue free. Dept. 20, Over Art Studio, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS
HERE'S THE BIGGEST SNAP YET!
DON'T PASS IT!

You can sell our Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waists, Handkerchiefs, Petticoats, Rolls, etc., at half merchants' prices. Your credit is good. Your total orders—no deposit. Biggest commissions. Outfit free. Write today for Big Free Catalog, rich and complete.

Schwartz Importing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A Woman of Experience.

"She has been twice divorced, hasn't she?"

"Yes."

"What was the trouble? Were her husbands to blame, or was it her fault?"

"I believe she had three proposals in her younger days, and she had a sort of curious desire to try all of them for the purpose of finding out which man she ought to have chosen originally."

Animating the Mob.

"I privately instructed each of those supes to grab the center of the stage and hold it at all hazards."

"For what purpose?"

"That ought to infuse some life into the mob scene."

Poorly Equipped.

Nell—Mr. Saphedde has more money than brains.

Belle—Why, I never knew he had much money.

Nell—He hasn't.

The Day of Rest.

"And now," said Mr. Fishback of Billville, "let us be thankful for one day of rest, and get ready for church."

"Yes," said his wife; "run out and chop some wood, and milk the cows, and light the fire, and make the coffee, and wash the children, while I bang my hair!"

SYMPTOMS.

Ethel—Say, papa, I feel that I ought to have a new hat.

Papa—Where do you feel that way?

Ethel—In my wishbone, papa.

A Thoughtful Spouse.

Mr. Suburb (after a long, weary tramp to his nearest neighbor)—Good evening, Mrs. Lawnmower, I find my wife has not returned from her shopping trip to the city, and the house is locked up. She left the key here, I presume?

Mrs. Lawnmower—No-o. She said it was a pity you should have to take such a long walk for the key every time she was out, so she put it under the front doormat.

A Sharp Wife.

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks the younger exclaimed:

"I cannot think what has upset that tall blond man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband!"

A Sad Outlook.

"Pardon me, Doctor Nexily, but it is simply preposterous for you to want to marry my daughter. You are more than twice as old as she is."

"I know that, Mr. Sykes; but when she has been a preacher's wife ten or fifteen years she will look fully as old as I do."

Determind to Land Him.

His Daughter—Father, I wish you'd stay home tonight. Mr. Slowboy will want to ask you for my hand.

Her Father—Has he really proposed at last.

His Daughter—No; but he will tonight.

Mistake Somewhere.

"Miss Frangle is a homeopathist, isn't she?" queried the hostess.

"Weally, I—aw—don't think so," replied young Featherby. "At least she is—aw—nevah at home when I call, doncher know."

The Tar May Turn.

Sea Captain—Do you mean to say that you take gas right out of the ground and light your houses with it?

Indiana Man—Certainly. We cook our food, heat our houses, and run furnaces with it.

Sea Captain—Did you see that done yourself?

Indiana Man—Of course.

Sea Captain—Partly drunk at the time, weren't you?

Indiana Man—I never drink. Thousands see it done every day.

Sea Captain—Pretty hard drinkers, ain't they?

Indiana Man—No, indeed. Why, my own wife gets the meals with a natural gas stove.

Sea Captain—Did she tell you so?

Indiana Man—Of course.

Sea Captain—Never knew her to take opium, or anything like that, did you?

Indiana Man—Of course not. Natural gas is nothing remarkable. Why in the world are you so suspicious, not to say insulting, when I telf you about it?

Sea Captain—I was only acting the way you landsmen do when we tell you of the sea serpents and other queer things we see on the ocean, that's all.

Why They Are Still Hitched.

"Yes, my husband and I quarrel incessantly."

"Why don't you get a divorce?"

"We can't bear to. What would become of Fido?"

Congratulations.

Trotters—So you are married at last, old man. I'm very glad to hear it.

Blinkers—Oh, you are, eh? Say, what have I ever done to you?

SOMETHING LIKE IT.

Autoist—How far is it to Halfway, my man?

Native—Ten miles as the crow flies, sir.

Autoist—Well, what I want to know is how far is it as the mud hen swims?

REPLY SARCASTIC.

Kind gentleman—Hello, my little man! Did you fall down?

Bobby—No; of course not. I fell up an' slammed me head against a cloud.

Have One Dollar of Our Money?

The John Simpson Company, Kansas City, Mo., announce that every order they ship resulting from their large advertisement in this issue nets them an absolute loss of not less than $1.00 in cash out of their own pockets. They claim that they can afford to lose One Dollar cash on each order sent in from their ad at the prices mentioned just in order to get new customers started buying their Superior Straight Whiskeys. Their contention is that once you try their whiskey, you will be happy to be a regular customer, because the whiskey is so much better than can be had anywhere at their prices—they expect to make the dollar back by continued patronage at a living price. You will find this wonderful bargain on another page in this issue. Any one wanting whiskey will do well to read their large advertisement.

To Sort, That Pays.

Editor—What's this? Poetry? Get out of here, or I'll——

Stranger—I'm not a poet. I'm a rhymester.

Editor—Oh! Sit down.

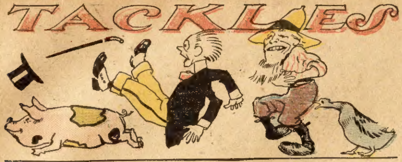
Stranger—I sling slang.

Editor—Have a cigar.

Information for Rollo.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?"

"My son," answered the cynical parent, "appendicitis is something that enables a good doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire account."



IN A SHADOW

Inveterate Tea Drinker Feared Paralysis.

Steady use of either tea or coffee often produces alarming symptoms as the poison (caffeine) contained in these beverages acts with more potency in some persons than in others.

"I was never a coffee drinker," writes an Ill. woman, "but a tea drinker. I was very nervous, had frequent spells of sick headache and heart trouble, and was subject at times to severe attacks of bilious colic.

"No end of sleepless nights—would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. At times I could hardly put my tongue out of my mouth and my right eye and ear were affected.

"The doctors told me I was liable to become paralyzed at any time, so I was in constant dread. I took medicine of various doctors and no end of patent medicine—all to no good.

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay, I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen.

"About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum.

"I have never had one spell of sick-headache since and only one light attack of bilious colic. Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well and my heart is getting stronger all the time."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine true, and full of human interest.

And Just as Good as Ever.

An old physician of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. One time a lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Romance in High Life.

"So that heiress is engaged to a nobleman?"

"Yes."

"And you say the affair was romantic?"

"Oh, very. Why, the duke was even too poor to hire a lawyer."

Alas! Too True.

Little Willie—What is fame, pa?

Pa—Fame, my son, is a ladder with grease on each rung.

Undesirable Property.

Torke—Your daughter's musical education must have cost you a lot of money?

De Porke—Yes, it did; but I've got it all back.

Torke—Indeed?

De Porke—Yes. I'd been trying to buy the house next door for years and they wouldn't sell. But since she's come home they've sold it to me for half price.

Timely Suggestion.

Skinner—I don't know what I'm to do about that bill we owe the grocer. He annoys me terribly.

Mrs. Skinner—Well, if it comes to the worst you can pay it.

Skinner—Yes, that's so—but I never should have thought of that.

AGENTS WANTED | AGENTS WANTED

$1,500 TO $2,000 EVERY YEAR

SELLING THE MARVELOUS "EVER-READY" TOOL KIT

A complete household kit of tools in one article. Think of it. 10 tools in one. A hatchet, hammer, screw driver, wrench, pipe tongs, nail puller, wire cutter, pinchers, etc. Everything needed about the home—except hand saw and augur. Every home in America needs one. No lost tools. Everything in place. A million wanted—needed. That is why J. W. Whipple, Texas, sold 28 Ever Ready Tool Kits in 8 hours, profit $19.00 and W. W. Strauss, Pa., (Lawyer) sold 38 in 4 hours, profit $26.60. Weaver, Pa., (Farmer)

MADE $1,500 LAST YEAR

Frank Clayton, Mich., says: "Received hatchet and found it more than you claimed for it. Took 24 orders first half day and did not half try."

Now you understand why we say the Ever-Ready is a Wonderful Invention. Nothing like it ever invented. Nothing like it ever thought of. Stop and look at the cut. Isn't it a mechanical triumph? Could'nt you use one of them yourself? That is why Arthur Hason, O., sold 21 the first day and never canvassed before. They simply sell themselves. Think of the convenience. No worry, about keeping tools in place. None scattered; none misplaced. But no matter what tool you desire, it's always ready. Did you ever hear of such a convenient household article? No one ever even thought of it; Yet there are millions of homes waiting for it, wanting it. Made of Forged Steel, represents $5.55 worth of individual tools. Not on sale in stores. Why not go to work supplying the demand, appointing agents, collecting. Earn some of this easy money. We'll help. Do something—do it now. Send postal with your name and address. Send it right now. That's all.

FOOTE MFG. CO. Dept. 302, DAYTON, OHIO

Accommodating.

Davis—The Vanderslips are having a closet built for every room in their new house.

Davidson—They'll probably need them all; they have lots of family skeletons.

FLUSTERED.

The Footpad—Yer money or yer life.
Uncle Zeke—Take me life—I'm savin' me money fer me old age.

An Utter Wretch.

"Our engagement is broken," admitted the girl, "but I still have a tender feeling for him."

"You might as well cut it out," advised her friend. "He's going around bragging about his lucky escape."

Weather Changes.

Little Isaac—Fadder, it looks like rain.

Isaac, Senior—Mark dose two-tollar umbrellas oop to five tollars, and sell 'em for t'ree und a haluf.

The Dear Girls.

Mary—Grace is greatly worried. She can't decide where to go on her bridal tour.

Ethel—When is she to be married?

Mary—The date hasn't been fixed yet.

Ethel—Whom is she going to marry?

Mary—That's another detail yet to be arranged.

Short Fall.

Browning—Are you interested in the Goldbrick Mining Company?

Greening—Yes, indeed. I got in on the ground floor.

Browning—You're lucky. You won't have so far to fall.

Greening—What do you mean?

Browning—The bottom dropped out this morning.

The Limit.

Randall—Sam Crusty is the closest-fisted man I ever came in contact with.

Loomis—What has he done now?

Randall—He failed the other day, paid 12 cents on the dollar and wanted 2 per cent off for cash.

Improving the Horses.

Young Man (at race course)—What is the object of all this?

Old Stager—To improve the bheed of horses, air—to improve the breed of horses. Come, let's take a drink, and then I'll give you some pointers on how to bet.

HE IMPROVED IT.

Original Settler—That man is the most useful member of our local improvement association.

Stranger—He certainly doesn't look to me as though he could improve the town much.

Original Settler—Well, you see, he improves it by stayin' in jail most of the time!

SALESMAN WANTED on commission or $100 per month with expenses, as per contract. Experience unnecessary. Premier Cigar Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. Herbene Agency Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN—we manufacture hosiery which outwears 3 of the ordinary kind; replaced free if hole appears. Easy sales. Large profits. First reply obtains agency your city. Triplewear Mills, Dept. B, 724 Girard Ave., Philadelphia

PORTRAIT AND FRAME 55c. Pillow Tops 35c. 72 page cat. free. Agents wanted. Man'f'rs Portraits and Frames. National Portrait Co., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, Frames 15c, Sheet Pictures 1 cent, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4141, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

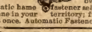
MEN WANTED QUICKLY By big Chicago mail order house to distribute catalogues, advertise, $21 weekly, liberal expense allowance. MANAGER, 1216 State Street, Chicago.

PORTRAIT AGENTS: Pillow Tops, Bromides, Solar Prints, hand stippled and air brushed Bromides, very fine, Crayons, Pastels. The very latest (Emerlines) Picture Frames. Cheapest house of all. Samples free. Crescent Portrait Studio, 918 Montana St., Chicago

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X413 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

BIG MONEY selling our Metallic Sign Letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. Anyone can stick them on. Write for free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS.



New Invention; never before sold in your territory; horse owners wild about them; automatic hame fastener sells at sight; coin money; fortune in your territory; free sample to workers; write at once. Automatic Fastener Co., 859G, Cincinnati, Ohio

Sell Tobacco and Cigars Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box H12 DANVILLE VIRGINIA

AGENTS WANTED Sell our Big $1.00 Bottle Sarsaparilla for 39 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. GREENE, 22 Lake St., Chicago

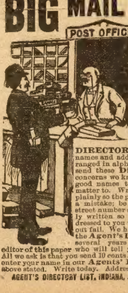
$5000 in Prizes to Davis AGENTS We give our agents unusually large profits for selling our high-grade soap and toilet specialties, and reward loyal and continued service with a share of our profits in premiums. $15 to $25 weekly easily made; hustlers as high as $100. Illus. catalog and profit-sharing plan free. E. M. DAVIS SOAP COMPANY (Established 1896) 1472 Carroll Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Two Rings GIVEN Sell ten packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy at 10c each. WE TRUST YOU. When sold return the $1 and we will send these 2 handsome rings, or choice from premium list. A reliable firm, estab. fourteen years. Rosebud Perfume Co., Box 185, Woodsboro, Md.

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS

Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 757 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

BIG MAIL FREE!



Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

This Massive Iron Bed Sent for $1.00

Credit Given to Everybody

We are the originators of the mail-order credit furniture business—the big concern that shape goes first place in the United States. We furnish one your home in part or complete and allows the use of its credit while paying for them. Remember this stupendous emporium is the one with a record of every promise fulfilled for over a quarter of a century and now guarantees to save you money on all kinds of household goods.

Our Three Great Buy-On-Credit Catalogs FREE

H-3072

This Iron Bed, strikingly attractive, distinctive style; heavy, uniform posts and top rail, closely fixed steel slats; massive fillings.

$1.00 cash, **50 cents** monthly payments. Total price **$5.95**

H-2576—The elegant massive Bed shown with heavy figured velour, upholstered in value and distinctive design. Full size, 54 inches wide. American Quarter sawed oak. Heavy bands that are massive and rich.

$1.50 cash, **75c** monthly payments. Total price **$9.75**

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H-1132

Our Big Catalog A gives all bedroom suites and beds in full description and in full colors. Parlor suites, Sofas and Rockers in velour, tapestry and leather. Dining Tables, Chairs, Sideboards, China Closets, Kitchen Cabinets, Refrigerators, Kitchen Outfits, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Stoves and Ranges, Heating Stoves, Gasoline Stoves, Oil Stoves, Base Burners, Gas Stoves, Coal Hods, Fenders, Fire Irons, Screens, Clocks, Lamps, Silverware, Cutlery, Crockery, Glassware, Office Desks, Baby Carriages, Kitchen Cabinets. **Catalog B** is complete with clothing for men, women and children. **Catalog C** contains a full line of Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments. Send for big line of Peerless Sewing Machines. It is to your advantage to have one or all of our Catalogs. Simply say which you want and they will be sent free.

This handsome Rocker holds golden oak frame, richly carved, upholstered with Boston leather; spring construction.

$1.00 cash, **50 cents** monthly payments. Total price **$6.45**

Rockwell Felt Mattress, of the good firm names entire surface covered, covered with the genuine ticking.

$1.75 cash **50c** monthly

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Inc., 1073 Thirty-Fifth Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

LEARN TO PLAY Piano, Organ or any other string instrument, by E. S. Without a Teacher's Diagram Method. Simple as A-B-C. Over 1,000,000 taught. For $2.50 in a few minutes. No chart system. Complete outfit free. How to Obtain One, Dept. 69 Kansas City, Mo.

Farmers Sons Wanted to learn broom making. Big wages to men willing to work. We start you with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Results of the employment as long as you remain in such state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Vandemark Broom Co., Limited, Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec, Canada.

FOY'S BIG BOOK, MONEY IN POULTRY and Squabs. Tells how to start in small; how to succeed; how to make money. Poultry Farm in the world and gives a great bean of information about poultry. Sent for Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4c. E. Foy, Box 18, Des Moines, Iowa.

Mount Beautiful Birds Animals, Game Heads, Fishes, Reptiles, etc. Instruction sheet and catalog free. Quickly, easily learned by mail. Big profits. Decorate dens, parlors, offices. Save your money. Write for free particulars. Taxidermy Studio, 2134 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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The key to health, wealth and happiness. Anyone may become in a few hours' time. Control others you wish. Make the big cash. Give wonderful exhibitions and make money. Cures diseases and bad habits. Success sure. Very easy. Write for free particulars. Address

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FREE RUBY WRITE AT ONCE for Genuine Remarkable Offer! Don't Miss It! Arizona Ruby.

We will send it to you absolutely FREE, postpaid, to introduce our genuine Montana Diamonds. These Diamonds are cut by same experts, have same dazzling brilliancy, stand acid tests, are cut by experts, brilliancy guaranteed permanent. Write us today. Don't miss this remarkable offer. SPECIAL OFFER—For 30 days only, to introduce our Diamonds and on approval, registered, either 14 or 18 karat Montana Diamond Ring, Tiffany style, 6 prong mounting. Illustrated Catalog FREE. Write today and get Ruby FREE. MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. 10 K 1 Las Cruces, New Mex.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A New Home Cure that Anyone Can Use Without Operation, Danger or Loss of Time

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture, answer the questions and mail this to me, and begin your cure at once.

RIGHT LEFT

Dr. W. S. RICE, 976 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

Name .....

Address .....

Age .....

Cause of Rupture?

YOUR HEART

Does It Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Smothering Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Waking in Sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Swelling of Feet or Ankles? These are symptoms that point to Heart Trouble.

Choking Sensation, Pain or Distress in left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropping Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of these symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of every ten has some form of heart disease. Three fourths of these do not know it, and unless cured die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Bowdoi Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay. Write at once.

The Philpot Robbery.

(Continued from page three.)

"How do you know?"

"I have just come from her side—as a friend."

Price sighed deeply and sank into a chair. All the strength seemed to be oozing out of his shriven brain.

"You think she is in danger?"

"Her peril is imminent," warned Phil, seeing at once that he must make him worry not sink so deep in crime that he did not respond to a desire to save his sister. Then he went on: "I am beginning to see that I am her friend and that while my first mission is to solve the mystery in the robbery—which I already know—is to recover the jewels, I will protect her as far as possible, but I must have your assistance."

"I will try," came like a moan from the other man.

"Then tell me how, after hypnotizing her into stealing the jewels, you lost them."

It was a bold stroke, a shrewd guess, but Phil felt the emergency warranted it.

"Who says I hypnotized her?"

"I say so."

"Tonight, maybe, yes," mumbled the brother. "But not that time."

"So you admit the other time," was Phil's pitioning rejoinder. "Come, the full truth now. It's only so that will save her."

Chin sunk in chest, the cornered man deliberated a moment, then muttered painfully:

"Red Mike has them."

"Did you give them to him?"

"My God, no, man. I needed 'em too much."

"How, then, did you lose them?"

"Well, if you must know, I've spent my spare hours gambling in Red Mike's upper rooms. I know it was foolish, but my luck had always been better there than in any of the other gambling places I frequented. The night I got the Philpot jewels I carried them in a case because I was too afraid to leave them here or any place else for fear they'd be stolen or I'd be followed. Soon the fever to gamble seized me and when it does I am powerless to resist. I went down to my room and the jewels I stowed in the bosom pockets of my clothes. I got into a game and never rose from the stark. My money was soon all gone."

The man stopped and shuddered as though in the clutch of some horrible fiend. Then, moistening his lips, he went on:

"At last, to raise more cash, I drew out a diamond ring, and showing it to Red Mike and his two companions about the table, asked them how much they'd give me for it. I jumped at their offer of a hundred dollars, although I knowingly lost a hundred dollars. Then I drew out another ring and sold it. I kept on losing and the second hundred dollars was soon gone. As I drew out another ring, I noticed that Red Mike was narrowly watching me. Then my luck began to turn good. In my excitement the whole three dozen men, took away with the booty I had stolen and threw me into the street. I was afraid to make any outcry or to tell the police, because I should have bared my own crime. So I slunk away—distracted and broken-hearted to my own rooms to cover up my shortage."

It seemed a relief to the man to get the whole miserable story out.

"Why did you not hypnotize your sister?" queried Phil, when Price had recovered somewhat.

"Years ago I had practiced it, and learned she was an extremely susceptible subject. Why, I have even come to believe that under my concentrated gaze, I was so desperate I was ready to do anything to raise the money to shore. Then, about the last hour when I first learned my shortage in the office was to be discovered I would have stopped at no extreme, I would have been ready even to sell her."

"You wretch," hissed Phil.

"I deserve the name," sighed Price.

"And hypnotized, she gave you the jewels?"

"Yes, she did. Dominating her mind completely, I caused her to take the keys and combination from their hiding place, open the strong-box doors and pass out the jewels to me. Then I caused her to relock the safe and return the keys and combination to their place. You see, I was foolish enough to think that she was thus absolved from all suspicion in connection with the robbery, and that I had completely covered my tracks."

The whole weird conspiracy now lay revealed to Phil. But the exultation he felt at his success in unraveling the mystery was tempered by the thought that the grave Philpot maid was unconsciously implicated. His foremost hope was now to save her from any embarrassment. Even professional instinct was submerged in his tender desire to protect her name. Yet, if he caused the brother's arrest now, the exposure of her part in the affair must inevitably follow. Moreover, the clue was still unfinished. He had solved the mystery, but had not recovered the jewels. The Star could not profit by his discoveries for ten hours, for it had no edition until the following morning. There was still time to chase those jewels. He knew where they were, but the problem of trying to recover them from the possession of Red Mike was formidable enough to appall a less daring man.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet. Price rose, too, at the same time extending a shaking hand.

"I don't care much what becomes of me," he stammered, "but you will not tell your friend of my sister you say you are, shield her."

"You didn't think much about her less than an hour ago when you tried to get her aid in murdering—defend—did you?" snapped Phil.

The brother hung his head and made no answer. Then, as Phil started to leave the room, he looked up, and asked:

"What are you going to do now?"

"Find the Philpot jewels" jerked Phil as he darted out of the apartment.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEARDING RED MIKE.

The hour eleven was tolling from a near by tower when Phil returned to his room. He found Gregg prone on the bed moaning from the effects of the drug dose. The stress of his unnerving experiences in the closet room at Red Mike's had finally overcome him.

"Brace up, man," was Phil's salutation. "We've got the toughest job of our lives right ahead of us."

"I mean it. Tonight—repeated Phil.

"But how are you going to do it?"

"I intend to face Red Mike in his lair."

Phil drew out a heavy revolver, laid it down on the dresser and then placed beside it the gun he had brought from the steel room after the encounter at the door.

"We'll probably have to use these, so you can take charge of the latter, which the reporter handed over his own weapon. "Come, now, sir, brace yourself and get ready."

Gregg rose painfully from the bed and gave his coat sleeve a reverential shine.

Phil, meantime, got into some faded, ragged clothes, which made him look for all the world like a wood tramp. Then, from a drawer in his dresser, he took a small box of grease paints and powder and face lightly with the dark hues until he seemed a wrinkled and worn man of about twenty years older than in reality was.

Next, from the depths of his closet, he drew out a rusty, battered valise, cast it beneath his shabby coat.

On the way down the stairs and up the street they were observed, still alive with humanity. Phil briefly explained to Gregg as much of his hegardless plan as he deemed the latter should know.

"All you will have to do," he summarized, "will be to stand in the shadow across the street from the Red Mike joint and try to keep me in sight. I intend to go inside for a few moments when we first get there, but I'll be out quickly. And remember, whenever I make a signal to get the jewels like this"—and Phil elevated an arm and shook the valise. "Then run like thunder once—but don't get caught at it. And if I raise both hands at once, fire twice quickly and call the police as loudly as your throat will let you."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I haven't time to tell you all now, but I'm going to try a most colossal bluff on Red Mike. Perhaps we'll get the jewels. If it doesn't, well, I probably won't be back to tell the tale," said the daring reporter-detective amiably grimly.

In five minutes the pair had reached Red Mike's place. The saloon was still brightly lighted within, and a yellow slit showed here and there beside the dark curtains in the second floor windows, behind which the gambling operations of the gang were conducted.

Across the street, in a darkened stairway, Gregg took his stand. Then Phil, can held snugly beneath his coat and a hand, thrust into an outside pocket, firmly gripping his revolver, slouched into the saloon. More than a dozen men, desperate-faced all, lounged in the bar. Others, no less desperate looking, hung over the tables.

Phil walked clumsily to the bar and accosted one of the bartenders gruffly:

"Is Red Mike in?"

"Upstairs."

"I got to see him."

The bartender looked over the shabby figure cynically.

"Oh, beat it," he growled. "Get out o' here quick."

"I tell you," went on Phil, in a low voice meant to be quiver with excitement, "it's life and death for all of us if I don't see him quick. Get him down here or we'll all be pinched."

Phil's earnestness won attention. The bartender looked him over again sharply.

"His sin't no con game?" he inquired crossly.

"I tell you it's life or death—an' quick at that." Phil carefully imitated a man in abject terror. "I'll meet him outside the door inside of five minutes. Any longer'n that 'ill see us all shootin' into the sky."

Phil waited for no more, but dive through the rear door in search of Red Mike, and then slowly made his way to the walk in front. A grim smile played about his lips for an instant, then his face set with an expression of bitter determination.

He had not long to wait. In less than three minutes, Red Mike, bare-headed, worn-looking and in his shirt sleeves, stepped through the open door and looked cautiously about. In an instant Phil was at his side.

"Red Mike?" he queried.

"That's me. What's your say?"

"Ter'ible bad," Phil in an awful wus before in yer life." He drew the can from beneath his coat and held it up before the man's eyes. "See that? It's dynamite, 'nough t' blow the whol' block sky-high."

Red Mike started to edge away.

"Don't move," ordered Phil sternly, 'er I'll let her go. Now, with this," and the reporter drew his revolver and pressed its point against the side of the can.

"You're kidding," stammered Red Mike, but in the desperado's eyes Phil caught a look that convinced him that never in his life the noted criminal leader was feazed.

"Don't make that mistake," glared Phil. "I'm nuttier'n a fruit cake down here. I ain't got a frien' in th' hull 'ord an' I don' care if I'm blowed t' kingdom come in a minute. So, yo' see, I don' care a damn if this thing goes off th' nex' thirty. But yo' do. So be keerful t'."

"What do you want?" Red Mike's words seemed to clog in his throat.

"I want the Philpot jewels." Phil demanded, and to emphasize his words he rattled the can against the side of the car.

"You be damned," exploded the other.

Phil paid not attention to the reply. He leaned over to Red Mike and whispered:

"I know you have them, an' I know the poor guy yo' got them sparklers from. Yo' don' need 'em an' I ain't got 'em. I got a awful thousan' plunks ef I get them jew'ls. But I'm despirit. I don' keer ef I live or die. I've got a wife an' kids, an' I'm desperate. If these cans o' kingdom come ready an' he'll blow yo' up ef I don', see?" and Phil rattled the can about his head.

Instantly, from across the street, came the sharp crack of a shot from Gregg's revolver.

Red Mike winced and a look of terror overspread his face.

"I'll give yo' just five short minutes to get them jew'ls yer self or I'll do it fer yo' then." Phil nodded to where it showed in the side of the saloon wall above the curtain, "It's just' twenty-five minutes to one. Ef they ain't in my han's when thet han' tells th' hat point, you goes yer hull damn joint."

Red Mike shivered as Phil again rattled his gun against the side of the can.

"I'll give up," muttered the frightened desperado.

"Mind yo'," cautioned Phil, "jus' five minutes. An' no monkey business, fer ef yo' try any, I'll blow yo' ez sure ez shootin' an' yo'll go right to hell, see?"

Phil fairly grinned as Red Mike dove back into his saloon.

CHAPTER XX.

A MIDNIGHT CALL.

Face flushed, panting from his exertion, Red Mike was back to Phil's side with

Free to You—My Sister

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.
I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell every woman about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how I cured myself at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand the suffering of women. Only a woman know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is safe and sure cure for Leucorrhea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Painful Menstruation or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the back, headache, nervousness and many feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, dizzy spells, hot flashes, sensitiveness, dismay and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free, so that you can see for yourself how quickly at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it is entirely different from local treatment. It is constitutional, goes right to the root of the trouble. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address and I will send you the treatment, prepaid, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL GUIDE" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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—that's why we are willing to lose this one dollar

and make these unprecedented offers—that's why we say we thank you for your order even though it does lose us out of our own pockets $1.00 in actual cash. We defy competition on the following prices for Straight Whiskey. Yes! even for Blended goods. Did any distiller or Mail Order Whiskey House ever before offer

1 FULL GALLON Simpson's Straight Whiskey $1.85 — **2 FULL GALLONS Simpson's Straight Whiskey $3.55**

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Send us either Express or P. O. Money Order, Registered Currency or Kansas City Exchange (no personal checks, we cannot afford to pay exchange) for either one of the above offers while this ad once ship you by Express with the distinct understanding that you have the privilege to sample the whiskey anyway you like and should the whiskey not prove satisfactory and the best whiskey bargain you ever heard of, do not hesitate for a moment but just send the whiskey back to us and we will at once send your money back without quibble or argument. We stand squarely behind this whiskey to the fullest extent; we offer it with the absolute guarantee that it will satisfy any whiskey user. We know from the full realization that *real* whiskey means straight pure, wholesome Aged in Bond Whiskey. We have also found in our years of dealing with thousands of customers that

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just in order to get our whiskies in the hands of new customers, because our whiskies create by their absolute merit regular satisfied users in and year out easements. Now, do not understand us when we mention above that we lose over One Dollar on every order we fill from this advertisement, that this applies to every order that we ship, because this would be too foolish, we could not do so long and remain in business. We make a profit in our business the same as any other merchant, but we absolutely lose not one cent less than One Dollar on each and every order we fill from this advertising at above prices. We want you to try this whiskey, we want you to know by actual test that you never tasted better, we want you to fully realize what Straight Whiskey really means. We want you to know that there is a difference and an immediately perceptible difference in the taste between our Straight Whiskies and the Blended, adulterated compounds and mixtures, and we know that the only way you ever *will* realize the difference is by the actual taste—that's why and no other reason in the world would cause us to take a loss of $1.00 per order.

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bulging coat pockets as the clock registered within a few seconds of the fateful-time the reporter had set to execute his threat.

"Got 'em all?" glared Phil.

"All but one ring I gave to my wife. I'll pay you for that."

"If yo' ain' tellin' th' truth, I'll be back to finish this job," and Phil tapped the tin can ominously.

"What'll I do with 'em?"

"Empty 'em into my pockets an' be keerful, fer a jar mi' set off this bloomin' stuff." Phil, suspicious that the desperado might be planning some treachery, kept close watch of his every move.

Red Mike gingerly dropped one precious bauble after the other into Phil's pockets. Even the coronet he removed carefully in though some of its shining pearls still protruded. He hesitated when he had passed over the entire collection.

"Wha' did yo' say 'bout money?" queried Phil.

"Oh, yes," and the thoroughly awed man drew forth a huge roll of bills, peeled off two marked "100" and tucked them in with the gems.

"Yer sure yo' ain't left none behin'?" threatened Phil.

"My God, man," exclaimed his cowed victim, "yo' don't suppose I want to take any chances with that blasted dynamite, do you?"

"One minute more," said Phil, who whistled and then called out, "Oh, Gregg."

His companion bounded anxiously across the street to join him.

"I've got the stuff," said Phil calmly, dropping the coarse speech of the tramp, "and now I want you to keep this fellow under your gun while a make the getaway. You can join me when I whistle."

Red Mike peered closely into the face of Gregg and then at Phil.

"Jus' what I expected," he blurted in anger. "I thought you was the two bloked that got away from th' steel room tonight, but yer disguise," he continued, addressing Phil, "led me off. I jes' made up me mind yo' was a despert' tramp what I couldn't take no risk with. What a blasted fool I am. But yo' did do it cleverly. Yer good enough to git a place in th' gang. Better come in an' join us."

"Not for us," responded Phil. "Good night, old man. I'll probably be on your trail again one of these days."

"Yo' won't ketch me wi' none of this dynamite bluff again, I c'n tell yo'," growled the helpless man.

Climbing tightly to pockets and pistol, Phil sped a block down the now thinning street. Then he whistled. In a moment Gregg came panting up.

"We'll have to hurry," the reporter-sleuth whispered. "That gang will be hunting our tracks soon."

"You're a real wonder," exclaimed Gregg. "But how did you get them?"

Phil smiled grimly as he briefly explained to his companion the gigantic bluff he had wrought. Then, once more making their way to Phil's room, the latter drew forth the Philpot jewels piece by piece and laid them carefully on the coverlet of his bed. There they sparkled like so many massive, limpid dew drops.

"Great sight, eh?" said Phil as he fondled one after another of the blazing gems.

"And to think you got 'em in how long?"

"Well, I got my first instructions on the case close to two o'clock this afternoon," answered Phil modestly.

"And it's just bordering on midnight now. Less than eight hours. Wonderful, wonderful. The old man'll be glad to hand over that five thousand dollar reward, I'll bet. But," and Gregg looked up amazed, "you haven't found out yet how she's been stolen or who the thief was?"

"Oh, yes, I have," replied Phil. "But we'll save that until you hear the whole story up at the Philpot house tonight."

"Tonight?" incredulously.

"Yes. Get into as good clothes as you can find that will fit you and come along with me."

"After being fired out this afternoon?"

"I need you for a body-guard with this heap of riches to carry."

"But it's midnight."

"You don't suppose I want the risk of these things about me a minute longer than I can help, do you?"

"Well, you've a nerve."

"Have to have a heap of it in my business. Besides, we're going to fix up a lot of things up there in the next hour, your trouble among the rest."

So they set to work and dressed themselves till they both looked spick and span. Then Phil carefully stowed the gems away in a hand-bag. As he tossed in the two big bills, his companion asked:

"What's the cash for?"

"Red Mike made good on one ring he had taken out of the collection for his wife. Guess I had him good and scared, eh?" and Phil chuckled.

Again arming themselves, the pair set cautiously forth. Exhausted by their arduous experiences, they were still kept keen and active by the novelty of their situation and the important event ahead of them.

Boarding a car for the journey uptown was made, Phil, with arms about the hand-bag, but with mind planning for his coming interview with the broker. He had many things to explain, some requests to make and some favors to ask. It would require adroitness of mind to execute all his plans successfully, but he felt confident of the outcome. And occasionally through his thoughts flitted a dream of what he would do with the five-hundred-dollar reward and then again came a fleeting dream of the interesting face he had seen, sorely troubled, in the night. The remembrance of the kindly touch of Janet Price's hand also awoke a thrill in him.

Together they mounted the imposing front porch of the Philpot mansion. Phil rang the bell, impatiently before he secured any response. Then the butler, half-clad, opened the heavy door an inch or two and quavered:

"What's wanted?"

"You! Mr. Philpot we are here with his jewels, but I must see him personally, and his wife and her maid must be present at the interview," said Phil decidedly.

CHAPTER XXI.
A WOMAN'S HAND CLASP.

After another wait of minutes, Phil and Gregg were escorted into the library.

"Your master will be down shortly," the butler announced.

When Philpot finally appeared, he was attired in a bathrobe, his hands beat nervously and his face, drawn, white and pallid, showed plainly that the night thus far had brought him no rest.

"You don't mean to say that you had a hand in this affair?" he exclaimed to Gregg as he recognized his wife's son.

"Let me be the spokesman," interrupted Phil firmly. "Then we'll get all things straight and in order."

"Very well, then. I suppose you've got the jewels there in your bag."

Phil nodded in the affirmative.

"Let's see them."

"Now, Mr. Philpot, I'm going to direct this little affair in my own way. Please be patient. And, meantime, summon your wife and her maid, Miss Price."

"Why so? Why all this mystery?"

"You'll understand better when I am done with my story."

Philpot rang impatiently for the butler, through whom he summoned Mrs. Philpot and her maid. Then, irritated and anxious, he paced the room until wife and maid, pale and disturbed, descended from the upper floors.

"My son," gasped Mrs. Philpot as she beheld Gregg, "you're not concerned in this?"

"Reassure yourself, madam," said Phil. "I can tell you your son has been a brave, honest man this night."

At the same time Phil cast a lingering, kindly glance at Miss Price, who remained hesitatingly in the background.

"These are your jewels, I believe," continued Phil, opening his bag and lifting out one precious piece after another and laying them carefully on a library table. "Are they not?"

Husband and wife darted forward with dancing eyes and examined each costly gem.

"Come, Janet," said Mrs. Philpot, "look them over before I see if they are missing."

So the maid, an enticing stretch of rounded white neck showing above her dainty negligee gown, joined the group at the table. She was the first to speak.

"One solitaire ring alone is missing," she said, "the one you brought from Paris."

Phil drew the two one-hundred-dollar bills and dropped them on the table.

"The man from whom I recovered the gems gave these to replace that missing ring. He had given it away."

The money was allowed to remain where Phil had dropped it.

"Before I begin the story of this recovery," continued Phil when the party had been nervously seated, "I have one or two requests to make. I am sure they will be granted, because they are only fair—and you owe me some consideration for the return of this collection."

"Very well, young man," responded Philpot. "Name them."

"In the first place, I am a newspaper reporter on the Daily Star and I want my paper to secure full credit for this piece of work. Therefore, I do not want you to say one word about this recovery until it is all fully reported in the Star. I want it to be a complete scoop on all the other papers and also on the police."

"I'm agreeable," responded Philpot.

"It will also be necessary for me to make clear a very unpleasant discovery that concerns but does not involve some members of this gathering," said Phil while all the others looked surprisedly at one another and then back to the speaker. "I would not make the disclosure," he went on as his eyes rested kindly upon the face of Miss Price, "except that to conceal it would in-

(Continued on page fourteen.)

YOUR LUNGS

ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?
Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?
These are Regarded Symptoms of
Trouble and
CONSUMPTION
You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and deepen, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.
We Stand Ready to Prove to You absolutely, that Lung Germine, Dr. Gerson's Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of Consumption (Tubercolosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of Stomach, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers in your locality all hope and who had been given up as incurable have been persuaded to try Lung Germine. It is not only a remedy for consumption but a preventative. If your cure for consumption has a preventative. If your cure for consumption has a preventative. If your cure for consumption has

Sim Turner pitched to the ground.

claimed. "Right glad we are that you got the old black, boy."

"Thieves!" ejaculated Carl with flashing eyes.

"Of course we're not gentlemen," was the response. "Now tie the boy."

This was accomplished without much resistance and in a short time the cabin was untenanted.

Carl had fallen into the hands of Captain Selkirk and his men and it was vain for him to plead for mercy, as he knew.

Some miles from the cabin by the river and in the heart of the only gulch of any prominence in that region, the outlaws halted with their prisoner.

The young trapper wondered how Roger would take his absence, and for some time he pondered over it.

The Dirty Dozen were elated over their capture and especially over the possession of the black pelt.

He was fed well enough, but still he was in durance, with his prize in the hands of his enemies, and Roger ignorant of his captivity. The thought was galling to Carl.

The youth resolved to watch his chance to escape, and to this end he relaxed no vigilance.

Suddenly he was awakened from a light sleep into which he had fallen after reaching the outlaws' stronghold and found himself looking into the dark face of Sim Turner, with whom he had shot at the shooting match.

"So you're in a trap?" grinned that worthy as he regarded Carl with the visage of a scoundrel lost to all sense of honor. "I've found you under different circumstances than those in which we parted last."

Carl looked at the man, but did not speak.

"If that mad boy, called Jackstraw, had not pinked me I would have settled your hash at Tumble-In," continued Turner. "I would have thrown you half-way to the target."

"But I shot fair," retorted Carl.

"I don't say you didn't, but it was a man's shoot."

"The outlaw said the lists were open to the world."

To this Turner made no reply, but fell back and eyed Carl in silence for a moment.

"I've got a notion to settle the old score right here," he almost hissed. "I know of no better chance."

Carl now realized the danger he was in. He was at the mercy of this Western outlaw.

He did not reply, but narrowly watched the man.

"The captain's away and I'm your guard," resumed Turner. "I have everything my own way."

He rose and went to the mouth of the natural cave, where he remained a few minutes.

When he came back his face was darker than before and he stood over Carl, looking down upon him with all the hatred of a merciless soul.

"Get up!" he commanded.

Carl rose to his feet and looked the man in the eye.

The following moment the hand of the outlaw closed on his arm and he was jerked forward toward the darker part of the cavern.

Into the gloom they went, and at last a ray of light fell across their faces.

They had passed out of the cavern and had come upon a rough piece of ground, covered with trees and scattered rocks.

"Do you know where you are?" asked Turner.

The young trapper shook his head.

"You are in the Imp's Garden," was the reply.

"What is that?"

"It is a patch of strange earth that shakes when you tread upon it."

Carl pressed the ground with his feet and felt a tremor underneath.

"Now, my young imp," continued Turner, with all the hatred his heart was capable of harboring, "I'm going to take care of you. You will never again shoot against Sim Turner."

The outlaw's hand was suddenly transferred to Carl's throat, and he beheld the glittering eyes of the minion as they seemed to penetrate his very brain with their glance.

"Why don't you beg for mercy?" laughed Turner.

"Of you? Never!" cried the brave youth unflinchingly.

"By my life, you're a cool one!" exclaimed the man. "You are not likely to leave the Imp's Garden alive."

"I don't doubt it, since I am in the hands of a wretch like you," was the reply.

"Stand over against you rock," continued Turner as he pushed Carl forward. "Don't attempt to run for it."

Carl was almost thrown off his feet by the impact, but managed to keep his equilibrium.

In another moment he was facing the man who had drawn from his belt a revolver which he deliberately cocked, the click sounding like a death summons to the doomed boy.

"You're a better target than we shot at at Tumble-In," Turner went on. "I've never had just such a chance as this."

The lips of the young trapper did not move.

He was looking beyond his self-appointed executioner. Something had moved among the rocks behind the outlaw. It had come into view only to disappear again.

"Now," continued Carl's enemy, "I shall count three. You know what will happen at the last number."

Well did he know from the fierce look which shot from the eyes of the wretch.

"Your chum won't know how you died. We'll take care of him later on, though."

Carl suffered that followed these words seemed to weigh upon Carl's soul like the silence which precedes a knell of doom.

"One——" said Turner.

Just then the strange object which Carl had noticed among the rocks came into view once more.

"Two—you stand it well, by my life!"

At that moment, and before the last word had ceased to quiver from the outlaw's lips, a spurt of fire leaped over one of the boulders and Sim Turner pitched forward on the hard ground.

Carl almost left the earth.

Something bounded over the stone and into the breast The boy trapper uttered a cry.

"Jackstraw!"

The little forest waif was not long reaching Carl's side. He glanced at the human form stiffening on the ground and seized Carl's arm.

"Quick!" he shouted. "We must not stay here. The wolves are near. Come this way."

Carl did not need to be dragged from the spot.

Jackstraw was silent and said nothing until they were far from the scene of the thrilling rescue, and even then he said but few words.

"I've paid him back!"

On, on ran the two boys, leaping over stones and fallen trees, until at last they halted in a dense wood.

"Lost the pelt!" exclaimed Jackstraw with a little laugh. "It was lucky that I found you. Sim would really have finished you."

"I saw doom in his eyes," said Carl.

"It was his chance to get even with you for winning the shooting match, but he won't hurt any one hereafter. He won't help burn another home for Jackstraw."

"They've got my pelt," said Carl, suddenly thinking of the black fox.

"You can get another."

"Not like that one; it was black."

The look of the forest waif became a stare.

"A—black—one?" he almost gasped.

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"Yes, Jackstraw. I caught the black fox."

"And Captain Selkirk took the pelt from you?"

"He took it."

Jackstraw clenched his hands and looked toward the Inip's Garden.

Carl thought for a moment that he was going to turn back, but he suddenly looked in another direction.

"We'll get it back!" he said with confidence. "It's a black one, you say? I saw the old black fellow once and tried to catch him, but he was too cunning for Jackstraw."

"The deadfall got him," smiled Carl. "He wasn't cute enough to outwit that."

The forest wall remained silent for a little while and then said, as his eyes twinkled:

"We'll set a deadfall for both Captain Selkirk and the black pelt and catch 'em both!" and the boy rubbed his hands gleefully while Carl looked on in silence.

CHAPTER XII.
ROGER'S FIGHT.

It was just when Captain Selkirk was telling Roger that he and Carl could not fight the Dirty Dozen successfully that a noise was heard outside the cabin.

In an instant the outlaw was on his feet, and the two faced toward the door.

"Who is it?" asked Captain Selkirk, anxiously.

Before Roger could answer the question the door opened, and the man known as Aaron Wilhide stepped in. Captain Selkirk glanced at him half-defiantly, and the boy trapper watched the proceedings.

Wilhide, wearing a disguise which did not stamp him the clever detective that he was, stood against the door and addressed himself to Roger.

"You haven't seen a stray horse in this locality?" he asked with all the innocence possible.

Roger took the cue at once.

"I have noticed no stray horse, sir. I have been at the river, but have seen no such animal as you are seeking."

At this moment Captain Selkirk spoke up: "Stray are not numerous in these parts. I just my horse last night. He broke his father up the river, and I thought he might have strayed in this direction."

"What was he like?" asked the outlaw.

"He was a sorrel, fifteen hands high, with a star in his forehead, and a little lame in the left fore foot."

At this Captain Selkirk smiled and looked away.

The next moment Wilhide had bidden them good-by and was gone.

"That's a pretty story," said the Captain of the Dirty Dozen. "The horse story was all a sham."

Roger did not speak.

"As I was saying, boy, you can't hope to fight us single-handed."

"I haven't said that, we intend to."

"But you know——"

Here Captain Selkirk gave the boy a dark look, and went on:

"Your companion is gone. He put up a good fight, as I have said, but we were too much for him."

"Well me," said Roger, leaning forward and boldly looking his guest in the eye, "tell me, sir, why you have been warning us against the Dirty Dozen."

"What right have you here?"

"Is this his purse? Have you purchased this piece of the universe? We came hither for no base purpose. We came to trap the wild game of mountain and stream, but the first thing we know we are warned to leave on pain of death."

A grim smile gathered at the mouth of Captain Selkirk.

"Look here, boy," said he. "We don't want you in this vicinity. We are not going to tolerate your presence."

"Why not, pray?"

"You know too much."

"Have we interested you, Captain Selkirk?"

"Not exactly."

"Do you fear our knowledge?"

"Never mind what I fear," was the reply. "You must go."

There flashed up in Roger's eye, despite the men of the man before him; a look of defiance.

"It matters not what you threaten, sir," he said determinedly. "We are not going to be driven away by such means."

"Oh, you are not?" sneered Captain Selkirk. "You are going to defy us?"

"We are not going, and we want it understood that we are not going."

The chief of the forest outlaws deliberately walked toward the door.

His face was as dark as if a thunderclap had settled there.

"You'll regret it!" he cried, cracking his fists. "You'll rue it as long as I live!"

"Very well," was the answer. "It is war to the knife, then?"

"The knife and to the hilt!"

With this the dark-faced man walked from the cabin nor looked back as he strode furiously away.

Roger watched him till his figure vanished from sight.

"So that is the fugitive from Eastern Justice; that is Uncle Potts, whom Uncle Sam wants so badly!"

He had hardly closed the door when it was opened, and Wilhide's face wreathed in smiles, stood before him.

"I ran right into the hornet's nest," said the detective. "I was right upon my quarry."

"It would seem so. You knew the man?"

"Yes, 'twas Potts, the absconder and the Captain of the Dirty Dozen."

"You might have captured him right in the cabin."

"Such is not my plan," was the reply. "Did he threaten you?"

"Yes. We remain here at the peril of our lives."

"But your chum?"

"Oh, they already taken him."

Roger told the story of Carl's absence, and Wilhide listened intently.

"They'll come for you next," he said. "I don't doubt it."

"Are you going to remain?"

"Yes."

"I admire your pluck, boy, but doubt your judgement."

Until I know the fate of Carl I am not going to leave the cabin," declared the trapper. I did not come into the Minnesota wilderness to be driven out by a threat."

"They'll come for you next," Wilhide was gone, and once more Roger was the sole tenant of the cabin in the wood.

He knew his peril. He was aware of the desperateness of the men who comprised the Dirty Dozen and suspected their leader. That they would resort to the foulest means to get rid of him, he felt sure, and they would not stop at anything, not even at murder, and now that Carl was gone, he felt helpless.

There was promised no sleep for him that night. He made the circuit of the forest without the cabin and at last came back.

How lonely it was, he felt in the depths of his heart. What if the wolves of the frontier should come back? What if the wolves of the wilderness should attack him in the cabin? He shuddered when he thought of it.

It was dark outside, and the night air was heavy.

The trap-line would have to go for a few days. Carl was missing, and he (Roger) was left alone in the forest.

Once he thought of going to Rosebud and rousing its inhabitants, but remembering that Captain Selkirk's band had once robbed the postoffice there, and was held in dread by the people, he gave over the thought and remained at home.

At last he threw himself upon the pallet near the fire and watched the flickering light. His right hand crept near his knife, and his hand was ready to grasp it at the first admonition of danger.

As the time wore on he fell asleep. When he awoke the fire was out and the little place was in darkness.

Roger sprang to his feet and poked at the few embers that remained on the hearth.

A little light sprang up and revealed the room for half a minute.

All at once Roger started and fell back with a cry. In one corner crouched something which he knew was not there when he fell asleep.

A pair of fierce little eyes were glaring at him, and the night he caught sight of a furry form in the niche.

Roger waited, but not a sound came to his ears.

How the animal, for animal it was, had entered the cabin he did not know.

A little noise at last greeted his ears. It came from the haunted corner. The boy fell back and reached the door. His hand was on the barricade when another sound was heard, and then he raised his rifle and put himself on the defensive.

Upon a rude shelf, within reach of his hand, was a box of matches; the boy took one and drew it along the wall. A spit of fire leaped up.

The next moment he was holding the lighted match above his head, while leaning forward he tried to make out the thing in the corner.

All at once a cry broke over his lips. It was still there. He could see the whole head and the gaunt, yellowish body. It was enough to drive a thrill of terror through every nerve.

Gradually the light of the match filled the whole cabin for a minute.

The intruder sat watching him with two glaring eyes and short, sloping ears.

It was a huge panther, which probably had gained the roof of the cabin from a tree that grew near by, and, in investigating, had fallen down the wide chimney while he slept.

The match went out and darkness once more came on. Roger heard the short breathing of the dreaded beast.

He dared not shoot in the darkness for fear of missing his target and having the beast upon him. His hands once more moved toward the barricades.

As he was about to lower them, he heard a short growl, and then a spiteful hiss, and the next moment the huge intruder was upon him.

Roger recoiled with a wild cry, and his rifle was hurled from his grasp as the panther was at his throat.

Down upon the floor went boy and beast, the latter growling and clawing upon him after the manner of the animal. Roger felt instantly the loss of death.

Once he got his hands loose and found the sleek throat in the dense gloom, but almost instantly the grip was broken and he was thrown to one side.

It was a fight in the dark.

Roger thought that if he could, by some means, reach his hunting knife, which lay beside the rifle, he might hope to triumph over the panther, but this hope soon vanished.

He felt the teeth of the furious feline sink into his shoulder.

Once more he threw a wide sweep of his hand for the knife.

This time he clutched the bone handle, but as the fingers closed about it, the panther transferred his jaws from his shoulder, and the young trapper's wrist, at the point below the blade of steel, was encircled by the terrible teeth.

Roger gave one cry and fainted from pain.

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The Philpot Robbery.

(Continued from page eleven.)

volve me in the crime of hiding a theft and protecting the thief. I am hopeful, however, that some solution may be found for the predicament of this erring man, who, I feel certain, has repented and would easily lead a more exemplary life.

Phil held his gaze steadily upon the maid as if to question her for the slightest hint to follow concerning her brother. Nor did his purpose seem in vain, for a flush mantled on her pale cheeks and then a look of surprise, mingled with apprehension, crept into her eyes.

Beginning thus, Phil proceeded to tell the full yet concise account of his own experience since he started on the case. Wide-eyed his auditors sat as he described the invasion of their own home, likened to Red Mike's, the thrilling experiences in the steel room, the escape. Phil paused and stumbled when he came to narrate the story of the discovery of the duplicity of Janet Price by Roger.

Philpot gasped at the disclosure, and the maid sat white and horror-stricken, but revived when Phil, stepping to her side and tenderly stroked her hair and hands.

"I am confident that Roger's boyhood chum has fully justified his hero-ship and his worth to justify your full forgiveness. And besides, his mother will be surprised to learn that he has lost his stutter completely."

Whereupon Gregg, received into the Philpot home as a permanent member, modestly told the story of how he found him out of the impediment in his speech.

"As for my remaining employe, Price," said Philpot as he looked not unkindly toward his wife's maid, "I think we may find some way to forgive her. She has had grown to be very deeply attached to him. And besides, as we have fully recovered a hundred thousand dollars worth of jewels, one can afford to be not so greatly alarmed by a shortage of two thousand dollars. At all events, we will all keep discreetly silent about it."

"Agreed," responded Phil. "I had intended in whatever the Star may print on this robbery to put Janet Price out of it."

The grateful glance which the troubled maid cast at Phil amply thanked him for the sacrifice he was to make in leaving out of his report all the thrilling and sensational parts of it.

"But the thief!" said Phil. "I think I have completed my mission up here. It is past one o'clock and we are all thoroughly exhausted. I must go."

"One moment, Fry," interjected the broker. Going to his desk he scribbled for a moment and then turned the slip of paper over to the reporter. The latter glanced at it. It was a check for five thousand dollars, payable to his order.

"Your reward, sir," said the broker, "with my thanks. When you convict the thief, you will be entitled to the rest."

"But the thief will never be convicted with my aid," said Phil.

"Come up and see us often," said Philpot. "Since the other young man is to live with us here, you'll want to see each other occasionally, I suppose."

"Indeed, we will," put in Gregg.

Check in pocket and bag in hand, Phil shook the hand of each person in the room

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and with a cheery "Good night" turned to leave. Janet Price followed him through the great hall to the outer door.

"I can never tell you how deeply I thank you," she said, taking his hand timidly.

"Your thanks," he said quietly, holding her soft hand firmly in his own, "are almost worth all the trouble I have been through."

As he spoke, her eyes shone, and, falteringly, she began to raise Phil's hand toward her lips. He, with the movement, only instead caught her fingers in both his hands and carried them himself to his own lips. He held them there long and silently.

"I should like to see you many, many times in the days and days to come."

"Just as often as you like," she flushed daintily.

The next instant Phil bolted through the door.

"If I'd remained another instant," he murmured to himself as he made for his train, "I'm afraid I'd have tried to kiss her on the lips. What an attractive girl she is."

Under great headlines in its first editions, The Daily Star that day told the story of the recovery of the Philpot jewels. But it included no mention of the chase, brother or sister. The managing editor begged, ordered and implored that he omit the startling revelation, but Phil steadfastly refused.

"The Star will get glory enough from what I have written," he said, and I am certain the managing editor was finally forced to be satisfied.

In an obscure part of the same issue of the Star was a ten-line item which told that Frank Forrest, of the house at No. 1000 Hundredth street, had committed suicide during the night by shooting himself in the head. No explanation was given, but the members of the little party at the Philpot home knew that he chose the quicker way.

And Phil sent a beautiful bunch of roses up to Miss Price's room, and that he consoled with her in her affliction.

The end.

Grace Lanyon's Betrayal.

(Continued from page five.)

since, he lost fifty thousand dollars at one sitting at the gambling table."

"Has he no family—a wife—" began Grace.

"As I have told you, he seems to shut himself out from all familiar companionship. But you told me you have known him before."

"Yes," said Grace. "Let us hurry home. I have much to tell you."

Vassar hailed the first cab they met. Soon they were back at the house of mystery. A few words from Grace and the master sat alone in the dining room, the doors closed, and safe from interruption.

From first to last she unfolded the story of her young life to Vassar for the first time. She had a sympathetic and polished auditor.

"The man I mistook for Shirley Moore," she concluded, "is not Shirley Moore. He is an impostor. There was a relative of his, a cousin, who resembled him. He was supposed to have died years ago. Of course this is the man whom you know as Cardona. Elmer Vance, the reckless wanderer, he was disowned by his uncle. Oh, I can reason it all out! I can see how the plot glittered with thought and imagination.

"If what you say is true," said Vassar, "Cardona has simply taken up the identity of Shirley Moore. His remarkable resemblance to the latter gave him the opposition. You are sure, very sure, Miss Lanyon, that this man is not Shirley Moore?"

"I met his glance. I saw his real soul in his eyes," answered Grace. "He is not Shirley Moore."

"It is a perplexing enigma to figure out," murmured Vassar reflectively. "We can only assume that Cardona became aware of the fact that Shirley Moore was the heir of his uncle. But the girl he married—how do you account for those two coming together so—so strangely, apparently each other at one time?"

"I believe," answered Grace, "that Nora Duvall fell in love with the picture I had of Shirley Moore. She was a romantic, headstrong girl. She eloped with Cardona, and knew from them where Shirley Moore was in the West. I really believe Shirley went out there. Did she see Shirley? I do not know. Or did she find this impostor, the man now called Cardona, in his place? Does she know that Cardona has stolen the identity of Shirley Moore? Has she accepted the apparent fact that he was the real heir?"

"Serious, sentient questions, those," admitted Vassar gravely. "Then there is another mystery—a double one?"

"Yes," said Grace quickly, "where is the newly-wedded bride?"

"Exactly," nodded Vassar.

"Why is this pretended Shirley Moore in hiding?"

"You have named the essentials of the situation," spoke Vassar.

"And what's to be done? Is the real Shirley Moore" cried Grace.

"For the present," said Vassar practically, "let us consider the foremost phase of the case. We have Cardona. You have pledged to assist in running him down. Decide, in your shrewd, womanly way, how you may best assist us."

"You wish to learn first what has become of the stolen iron crown of Avillo?" asked Grace.

"Yes."

"That secret gained, the crown recovered, what then?"

"That is all."

"Is that the case?"

"It does, so far as we are concerned," declared Vassar. "Communication with either our employer, the Prince Zimene, will pay over the regal reward that will make us independent for life. But can we count on so simple a fruition of our plans? I fear not. There may come up endless distracting complications."

"Still, that secret wrung from Cardona," persisted Grace.

"It rests with Zimene how far he will punish this Cardona. What is that to us?"

"What is that to us?" cried Grace, arising and pacing the floor in new being in courage, in determination, in love, "to me it is everything. Do you not see how my heart is tortured with uncertainty and dread? No, no—your plans shall be carried out—fear not. I have a double motive now for pursuing Cardona. But, most of all, greatest of all, is the object of my life."

"You mean?" inquired Vassar.

"To find out what this impostor, this murderer, Cardona, has done with the man whose identity he has stolen, the man whom I love—Shirley Moore!" was Grace Lanyon's eloquent reply.

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription. For many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

The Black Phantom.

(Continued from page seven.)

skin, or only wounded him; but I put him out of business for the time being, at least, and possessing myself of his horse, I rode to the rescue.

"And none too soon, my dear boy," said Hazel warmly. "And I shall not forget the service soon, you may be sure."

"You were ahead of me, Ben, for I had to run for my horse before I could follow Hazel, Wentworth and Lord, understand. All arose on account of the shot she fired to save my life, which aroused some of his companions, who ran for their ponies. Having the better animal I arrived as soon as they, and, of course, I think you can hear I came to sending a bullet into your head. It was a close call, and I am proud of her pursuers, for I knew your mount was an Indian pony."

"A mighty fine as good as a mile," quoted the boy. But they were all silent for a long time after that.

The impression made upon the three by the workings of fate in the happenings of that night, and, indeed, in the scout, would not soon wear away. Each one studdered at what might have been, and might have been, if things had not turned out in just the way they did, and at the narrow escape they had at each turn.

Then it was thought best to increase the speed of their journey, for the rumors of the slain Indians should have returned without their riders the savages would send out other parties in search.

"I must see you two safely to the new camp before I can do any more to help you in untying Lola's fate," said Hal. "For your friends have worried over you quite long enough."

"Yes," Ben replied, "I will go and let mother look at me and convince herself that I am still on earth and then I shall be ready to go back with you to Bessie's side."

"No, you must not leave the camp again," said the scout decidedly, "I shall not need you in the work I now have to do. But I've no doubt they will have use for you before morning, where they are now all encamped, and I shall depend upon Hazel to help protect the wagons. I know you can both do efficient work," and he turned admiringly upon the young woman who rode demurely at his side. And then he remembered that she was a girl, and she a bright, handsome woman of twenty-five.

"I shall try to be somewhere about her," added, "in case the camp is attacked, but I must be outside where I can learn what is going on in order to form my plans of action. I have no doubt the Indians have learned the direction taken by the caravan, and are preparing to attack it, but I must learn their plan of attack in order to circumvent it. I have instructed the scouts, I believe they will be able to withstand an onslaught such as the redskins will be apt to make. An Indian is a coward after all, and does his fighting from ambush when it is possible. If we can get them out in the open fighting, we can pull up stakes and move on, that is, provided we can get Robert and Bessie into our clutches at that time. And another day's journey will put us beyond where they will care to follow."

"And Wenona," observed Ben, "we must get her, too. We can't go on and leave one with whom Lola is a prisoner in their power."

"If she wants to go, certainly."

"Well, she wants to go, certainly," replied the boy laughing.

It worried, said Hazel, "that she never tried to escape in all those years. Perhaps they were nomads of people to whom she she could flee. Poor girl! it must have been dreadful!"

"There was the Black Phantom, if she with provisions and blankets, so that she could ride about, and then strike out a husband for her a second time. Perhaps she had hoped that white people might some day camp near the Indian village and she could go to them.

They went back to the fire, and making them a couch of skins, spread on some pine boughs, they pulled the blankets over them, and laid down to rest.

"How long must we stay here, do you think?" asked the youthful, after an interval of silence. "We are very comfortable, but my people will be anxious. They have sent Hal out to find me before this time, I am sure. Oh, if we could only run across the guide, he could get you out of the hands of the Indians, if any one could."

(Continued next week.)

The Cost of the Service.

"What do you pay your chef?" I asked the great trust magnate, whose steamers blow the foam, whose palaces line every State, whose tenements pay him 35 per cent in every city.

"Five thousand dollars," he said briefly.

"But one of the yellow journals," I persisted, "states that your chef costs you twenty-five thousand."

"Well, I fear the statement is not incorrect," he sighed; "though I pay the chef the amount I named, he costs me fully twenty-five thousand, for I pay a salary of twenty-thousand to my physician."

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

One day 5-year-old Bobby was severely chastised by his mother, who had previously told him of his prehistoric whereabouts. "M-mamma," he sobbed, "I w-wish I had s-stayed in H-Heaven."

Doctors—Johnny, I see the pills I gave you have made you well again. How did you take them—with water or in cake?

Small Johnny—I used them in my popgun to shoot at the cat.

Little Howard—Mamma, thirteen is an unlucky number, isn't it?

Mamma—Some people think it is, dear.

Little Howard—Well, there were thirteen pieces of cake on the kitchen table, so I took one to break the boodoo.

Teacher—Tommy, what part of speech is "nose"?

Tommy—It ain't any part of speech.

Teacher—But it must be.

Tommy—Well, maybe yours is, because you talk through it—but the only part of speech I've got is my mouth.

At the turkey dinner Thanksgiving day small Ruth heard each remark made as the plates were passed. One wanted "a small piece of the dark meat" and another "just a little light meat." When it came her turn to be served she lifted her plate toward the roast of beef eagerly and said: "You may give me too much of both kinds, if you please, papa."

What Fried Liver is Good For.

A guest at an Atchison home came for three days, and was still there at the end of five weeks. "I like all kinds of meat," she remarked one day as she passed her plate for the third helping, but fried liver." That night there was fried liver for supper; fried liver the next day for breakfast, dinner and supper, and the next day, when the guest was asked to have fried liver she packed her trunk and went home.

"Reduce Your Fat."

James Elynt of Idaho was 14 years old on the first of July and weighed 190 pounds. He was so fat that his doctors feared for his life. Then he took a walk, got lost in the mountains and was not found for a month. He had lived on roots and berries, and slept in a cave, and his weight had come down to 105 pounds. If you are too fat the remedy is to get lost. If you are not eaten up by the bears you will come out all right.

"Better Dead."

A Massachusetts farmer not long ago sent a large black hen to his married daughter, who lives in Springfield and who wished to keep this present as a pet. Upon the arrival of the fowl it was immediately placed in a coop which chanced to be within sight of the street.

It wasn't long before a neighbor, passing by, said:

"Got a hen, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the new owner.

"Nice, black one, isn't it?"

"Yes."

This neighbor was almost immediately followed by another, who made the customary observation:

"Why, you have a hen!"

"Yes."

"Just one?"

"Yes."

"Coal black hen, isn't it?"

"Yes."

An intermission of a few minutes; then another neighbor.

"Howdy, neighbor, you have a ——"

"Mary!" called out the lady of the house. "Kill the hen for dinner!"

A Kind-Hearted Girl.

At Galesburg, Ill., a girl named Sarah French entered the stables of a rich man, and finding that a pair of carriage horses had no oats before them she found the grain and fed each one about two bushels. The result was the loss of a pair worth a thousand dollars. Sarah was kind-hearted the wrong way.

THE ELEPHANT'S JOKE.

Three animals sat down one day
Upon a wayside seat.
All three were on a walking tour
And rather felt the heat.
I happened to be strolling by,
And saw them sitting there;
An elephant, a monkey,
And a very grumpy bear.

The grumpy bear dropped off to sleep,
And soon began to snore;
So the facetious elephant
Resolved to try to score.
He turned his leather trunk around
To where your pardon eat,
And with one puff he blew away
The bear's brand-new straw hat.

The grumpy bear woke up at once,
And on the monkey turned;
With wrath and outraged dignity
Indignant Bruin burned.
He boxed the hapless monkey's ears;
"Take that!" said he, "and that!
I'll teach you to play monkey tricks
With a gentleman's straw hat!"

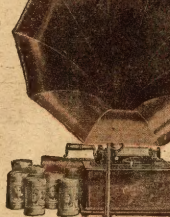
The elephant was filled with glee,
He laughed, not loud, but deep.
Meanwhile the lazy, grumpy bear
Again dropped off to sleep.
Wherefore, with a portentous wink,
The elephant once more
Sent grumpy Bruin's straw hat
A-flying on the floor.

This time the bear, in waking up,
Caught his tormentor's eye;
He knew he could not box his ears,
And so he did not try.
But on the contrary he laughed
Till he was like to choke.
"Ha, ha!" said he, "Ho, ho! Hee, hee!
O, what a splendid joke!"

The monkey, when he heard him laugh,
Sat up in great surprise;
He could not understand it,
And he fairly rubbed his eyes.
He could not make it out at all;
But, while he tried to think,
The elephant again let drop
A most portentous wink.

The moral is not far to seek,
Nor very hard to find;
To humor, in a new school boy,
The world is often blind;
And, when he tries a pleasantry
He thinks is sure to act,
He's very apt to find his head
Is being soundly smacked.

But when an old boy condescends
To perpetrate a joke,
The world will see the point at once
And laugh until they choke.
So this is what you'd better do:
While a new boy keep mum;
But get into the upper class,
And then your jokes will hum.



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His Idea.

The teacher was giving a geography lesson, and the class, having traveled from London to Labrador, and from Thessaly to Timbuctoo, was thoroughly worn out. "And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a 'Kaiser'?"

"Please, 'm," yawned Tommy Jones, "a stream o' hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth."

After the Snakes.

Nearly all the rattlesnakes seen in the zoos of this country and in most of those of Europe are captured by Indian boys and girls on the Western reservations. They locate a spot where the snakes come out to sun and then creep up with squirt guns charged with ammonia and spray the rattlers and render them helpless. When the snake revives he is a prisoner and worth $3 to his captor.

A Mad Rabbit.

A few days ago as a boy living in Lexington County, Michigan, was driving cows up from pasture to be milked a rabbit rushed upon him and bit him twice in the leg before he could fight it off. The leg began to swell and the doctor who was called decided that the rabbit must have been mad. At last reports, it was feared that the boy might lose his leg.

Pegging the Frogs.

In France, a hundred and fifty years ago, the people living in the country obliged men and boys among the poor to walk about their lakes and ponds all night and throw stones into the frogs that croaked and made a disturbing noise. It was a very fine day for boys after the first night or two, and the frogs also had something to complain of.

Look Out, Boys!

A German professor has found that a boy in walking a mile through the streets of a town is exposed to 10,000,000 germs and microbes that may cause his death. It seems they never do cause a boy death, but the only safe way for a boy to do is to remain at home and take out the ashes and bring in the coal. If he feels in any danger he can black the cookstove and whitewash the cellar.

Fun With a Boy

At Fergus, Ontario, a couple of months ago, two or three hunters caught a boy 7 years old and headed him up in a barrel and rolled him down a long hill several times. They were arrested, and at the trial the other day each received a sentence of three years in prison. Sometimes fun with a boy does not turn out to be any fun at all.